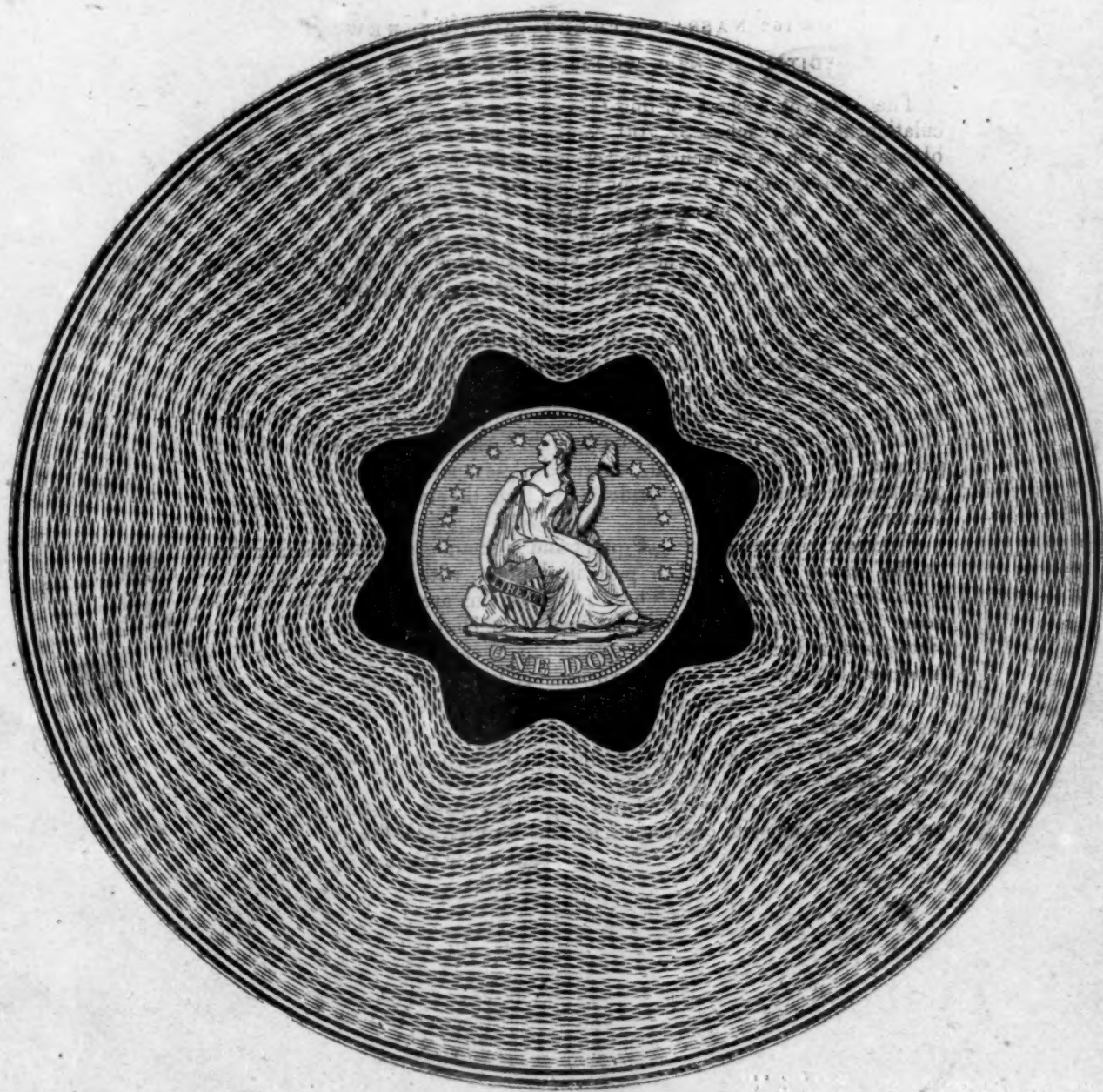


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Dollar Magazine.



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1841.

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BROTHER JONATHAN.

THE LARGEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD!!!

PUBLISHED ON THE CASH SYSTEM,

BY WILSON & COMPANY,

OFFICE 162 NASSAU STREET, CITY OF NEW-YORK.

EDITED, BY N. P. WILLIS, & H. HASTINGS WELD.

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FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS.—A full synopsis of the news of the week is prepared with great labor for the Brother Jonathan.

[Continued on the third page of Cover.]

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[Prospectus of the BROTHER JONATHAN—continued from 2d page.]

FASHIONABLE MUSIC.—Every number of the Brother Jonathan will contain a piece of New and Popular Music. A new font of music type has been purchased, and a gentleman engaged to superintend this department, of excellent experience and knowledge of music. This will enable us to give music a publicity which it never enjoyed before; to carry the same themes for carol to the sylvan maid in the farthest backwoods, which delight the party in the city drawing-room. A simultaneous popularity will thus be enjoyed all over the country by such compositions as are adapted to the public taste, and worthy of the public favor.

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PRICES CURRENT AND COMMERCIAL RETROSPECT FOR THE WEEK.—Faithfully corrected and compiled by a competent and experienced person.

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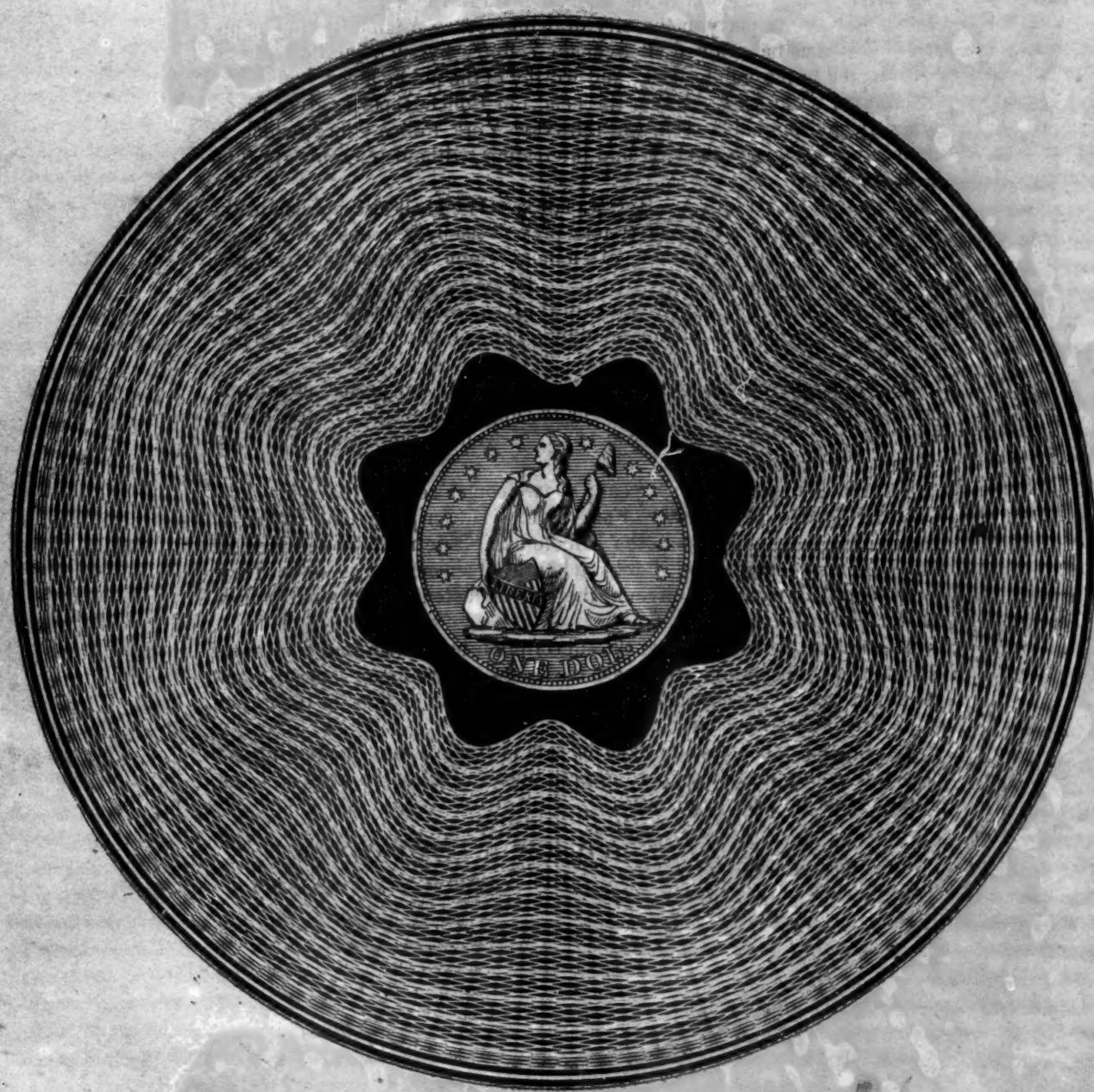
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Santa Claus, or St. Nicholas, in the act of descending a chimney on New-Year's Eve.



A Monthly Gazette of Current American and Foreign Literature, Fashion, Music, and Novelty—Edited by
N. P. WILLIS & H. HASTINGS WELD—Published by WILSON & COMPANY, 162 Nassau St. New-York.
This Periodical contains but *one sheet* (without cover)—Postage, for 100 miles, 1½ cts.—greater distance 2½ cts.

NUMBER I.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY, 1841.

VOLUME I.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

Alternating in our duties between the mammoth folios of Brother Jonathan, and the neat little pages of the "Dollar Monthly"; we are fain to confess ourselves, as yet, in the predicament of the schoolboy, who could not study with comfort to himself, "because he had not got the hang of the new school house." "Veer away!" is Jonathan's word for copy, and one never can make the mistake of giving too much. "Belay!" is the shout from our trusty skipper of the *Maga.*, before the hand accustomed to the folio, is fairly engaged in furnishing for the Monthly. If, under these disadvantages, we have made some slight miscalculations in number one, we shall soon be so much at home, as to avoid all such errors of arrangement, as arise from lack of experience. In reviewing the pages of the present number, we find we have broken our promise already, in inserting a moiety only of a story prepared for the Magazine. It was, however, a step unavoidable in this instance, but will seldom be repeated; and in no case will an article be permitted to run into more than two numbers of the Dollar Magazine.

It will be the endeavor of the conductors of this work to make it a light, agreeable, and various periodical. The selections, from the ample resources which the publishers command, will be made with a view to the above characteristics; and over its pages a close supervision will be kept, in order to make it in the strictest sense, a fit magazine for the fireside. In the department of embellishments, engravings of the fashions, choice wood and steel engravings, and fashionable or recherche music will be published from time to time—and no number will be issued, without attractions of some one or all of these descriptions.

We have few specific promises to make; believing that experience is a better guide than promises; and that all periodical works should vary their character (errors excepted, as scribes say) to the times at which the successive numbers are published. With this short chapter introductory, we launch our little bark, confident that all who take passage with us, will be better and better pleased as we advance; and that "for freight and passage" we shall have as many applications as we can answer, if any thing is to be judged from the manifestations of approval of our enterprise, which have even thus early greeted us.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

MOORE AND BARRY CORNWALL.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Well—how does MOORE write a song?

In the twilight of a September evening he strolls through the park to dine with the Marquis. As he draws on his white gloves, he sees the evening star looking at him steadily through the long vista of the avenue, and he construes its punctual dispensation of light into a reproach for having, himself a star, passed a day of poetic idleness. "Dammé," soliloquizes the little fat planet, "this will never do! Here have I hammered the whole morning at a worthless idea, that, with the mere prospect of dinner, shews as trumpery as a "penny fairing." Labor wasted! And at my time of life too! Faith!—it's dining at home these two days with nobody to drink with me! It's eye-water I want! Don't trouble yourself to sit up for me, brother Hesper! I shall see clearer when I come back!

"Bad are the rhymes
That scorn old wine."

as my friend Barry sings. Poetry? hum!—CLARET! Pri thee, call it claret!"

And Moore is mistaken! He draws his inspiration, it is true, with the stem of a glass between his thumb and finger, but the wine is the least stimulus to his brain. *He talks and is listened to admiringly*, and that is his Castaly. He sits next to Lady Fanny at dinner, who thinks him "an adorable little Love," and he employs the first two courses in making her in love with herself, i. e.—blowing every thing she says up to the red heat of poetry. Moore can do this, for the most stupid things on earth, are after all, the beginnings of ideas, and every fool is susceptible of the flattery of seeing the words go straight from his lips to the "highest Heaven of invention." And Lady Fanny is not a fool, but a quick and appreciative woman, and to almost every thing she says, the poet's TRUMP is a germ of poetry. "Ah!" says Lady Faany with a sigh, this will be a memorable dinner—not to you, but to me; for you see pretty women every day, but I seldom see Tom Moore!" The poet looks into Lady Fanny's eyes and makes no immediate answer. Presently she asks, with a delicious look of simplicity, "are you as

agreeable to every body, Mr. Moore?" "There is but one Lady Fanny," replies the poet, "or, to use your own beautiful simile, 'The moon sees many brooks, but the brook sees but one moon!' (mem. jot that down.)" And so is treasured up one idea for the morrow, and when the Marchioness rises and the ladies follow her to the drawing-room, Moore finds himself sandwiched between a couple of Whig Lords, and opposite a past or future Premier—an audience of cultivation, talent, scholarship and appreciation; and as the fresh pitcher of claret is passed round, all regards radiate to the Anacreon of the World, and with that suction of expectation, let alone Tom Moore. Even our "Secretary of the Navy, and National Songster" would "turn out his lining"—such as it is. And Moore is delightful, and with his "as you say, my lord!" he gives birth to a constellation of bright things, no one of which is dismissed with the claret. Every one at the table, except Moore, is subject to the hour—to its enthusiasm, its enjoyment—but the hour is to Moore a precious slave. So is the wine. It works for him! It brings him money from Longman! It plays his trumpet in the reviews! It is his philtre among the ladies! Well may he sing its praises! Of all the poets, Moore is probably the only one who is thus *master of his wine*. The glorious *abandon* with which we fancy him, a brimming glass in his hand, singing "Fly not yet!" exists only in the fancy. He keeps a cool head and coins his convivialty, and to revert to my former figure, they who wish to know what Moore's electricity amounts to *without* the convivial friction, may read his History of Ireland. Not a sparkle in it from the landing of the Phenicians to the battle of Vinegar Hill! He wrote *that* as other people write—with nothing left from the day before but the habit of labor—and the travel of a collapsed balloon on a man's back, is not more unlike the same thing inflated and soaring, than Tom Moore, historian, and Tom Moore, bard!

Somewhere in the small hours the poet walks home, and sitting down soberly in his little library, he puts on paper the half score scintillations that collision, in one shape or another, has struck into the tinder of his fancy. If read from this paper, the world would probably think little of their prospect of ever becoming poetry. But the mysterious part is done—the life is breathed into the chrysalis—and the clothing of these naked fancies with winged words, Mr. Moore knows very well can be done in very uninspired moods by patient industry. Most people have very little idea what that industry is—how deeply language is ransacked, how often turned over, how untiringly rejected and recalled with some new combination, how resolutely sacrificed when only tolerable enough to pass, how left untouched day after day in the hope of a fresh impulse after repose. The vexation of a Chinese puzzle is slight, probably to that which Moore has expended on some of his most natural and flowing single verses. The exquisite nicety of his ear, though it eventually give his poetry its honeyed fluidity, gives him no quicker choice of words, nor does more, in any way, than pass inexorable judgment on what his industry brings forward. Those who think a song dashed off like an invitation to dinner, would be edified by the progressive phases of a "Moore's Melody." Taken with all its re-writings, emendations, &c., I doubt whether, in his most industrious seclusion, Moore averages a couplet a day. Yet this

persevering, resolute, unconquerable patience of labor is the secret of his fame. Take the best thing he ever wrote, and translate its sentiment and similitudes into plain prose, and do the same thing by a song of any second-rate imitator of Moore. One abstract would read as well as the other. Yet Moore's song is immortal, and the other ephemeral as a paragraph in a newspaper, and the difference consists in the patient elaboration of language and harmony, and in that only. And even thus short, *seems* the space between the *ephemeron* and the immortal. But it is wider than they think, oh glorious Tom Moore!

And how does Barry Cornwall write?

I answer, from the efflux of his soul! Poetry is not labor to him. He *works* at law. He plays, relaxes, luxuriates in *poetry*. Mr. Proctor has at no moment of his life, probably, after finishing a poetic effusion, designed ever to write another line. No more than the sedate man, who, walking on the edge of a playground, sees a ball coming directly towards him, and seized suddenly with a boyish impulse, jumps aside and sends it whizzing back, as he has not done for twenty years, with his cane—no more than that unconscious school-boy of fourscore (thank God there *are* many such live coals under the ashes) thinks he shall play again at ball. Procter is a prosperous barrister, drawing a large income from his profession. He married the daughter of Basil Montague, (well known as the accomplished scholar and the friend of Coleridge, Lamb, and that bright constellation of spirits) and with a family of children of whom, the world knows, he is passionately fond, he leads a more domestic life, or, rather, a life more within himself and his own, than any author, present or past, with whose habits I am conversant. He has drawn his own portrait, however, in outline, and as far as it goes, nothing could be truer. In an Epistle to his friend Charles Lamb, he says:—

Seated beside this Sherris wine,
And near to books and shapes divine,
Which poets and the painters past
Have wrought in lines that eye shall last,—
Ev'n I, with Shakspeare's self beside me
And one whose tender talk can guide me
Through fears and pains and troublous themes,
Whose smile doth fall upon my dreams
Like sunshine on a stormy sea,—
Etc.

Procter slights the world's love for his wife and books, and as might be expected, the world only plies him the more with its caresses. He is now and then seen in the choicest circles of London, where, though love and attention mark most flatteringly the rare pleasure of his presence, he plays a retired and silent part, and steals early away. His library is his Paradise. His enjoyment of literature should be mentioned as often in his biography as the "feeding among the lilies" in the Songs of Solomon. He forgets himself, he forgets the world in his favorite authors, and that, I fancy, was the golden link in his friendship with Lamb. Surrounded by exquisite specimens of art, (he has a fine taste and is much beloved by artists) a choice book in his hand, his wife beside him and the world shut out, Barry is in the meridian of his true orbit. Oh, then, a more loving and refined spirit is not breathing beneath the stars! He reads, and muses, and as something in the page stirs some distant association, suggests some brighter image than its own, he half leans over to the table, and scrawls it in unstudied but inspired verse. He thinks no more of it. You might have it to light your cigar.

But there sits by his side one who knows its value, and it is treasured. Here, for instance, in the volume I have spoken of before, are some forty pages of "fragments"—thrown in to eke out the volume of his songs. I am sure, that when he was making up his book, perhaps expressing a fear that there would not be pages enough for the publisher's design, these fragments were produced from their secret hiding-place, to his great surprise. The quotations I have made were all from this portion of his volume, and as I said before, they are worthy of Shakspeare. There is no mark of labor in them. I do not believe there was an erasure in the entire MS. They bear all the marks of a sudden, unstudied impulse, immediately and unhesitatingly expressed. Here are two or three of the fragments. How evident it is that they were suggested directly by his reading:—

"She was a princess,—but she fell; and now
Her shame goes blushing through a line of kings.

Sometimes a deep thought cross'd
My fancy, like the sullen bat that flies
Athwart the melancholy moon at eve.

Let not thy tale tell but of stormy sorrows!
She—who was late a maid, but now doth lie
In Hymen's bosom, like a rose grown pale,
A sad, sweet wedded wife—why is she left
Out of the story? Are good deeds,—great griefs,
That live but ne'er complain—nought? What are tears?
Remorse?—deceit?—at best weak water drops
Which wash out the bloom of sorrow.

Is she dead?
Why so shall I be—ere these Autumn blasts
Have blown on the beard of Winter. Is she dead?
Ay, she is dead—quite dead? The wild s a kiss'd her,
With 'ts cold, white lips, and then—put her to sleep:
Sh' has a sand pillow, and a water sheet,
And never turns her head or knows 'tis morning!

Mark, when he died, his tombs, his epitaphs!
Men did not pluck the ostrich for his sake;
Nor dyed 't in sable. No black steeds were there,
Caparisoned in woe; no hired crowds;
No hearse, wherein the crumbling clay (imprison'd
Like ammunition in a tumbril) rolled
Rattling along the street, and silenced grief;
No arch whereon the bloody laurel hung;
No stone; no gilded verse;—poor common shows!
But tears and tearful words, and sighs as deep
As sorrow is—these were his epitaphs!
Thus—(fittly graced) he lieth now, inurned
In hearts that loved him, on whose tender sides
Are graved his many virtues. When they perish—
He's lost!—and so 't should be. The poet's name
And hero's—on the brazen book of Time,
Are writ in sunbeams, by Fame's loving hand;
But none record the household virtues there.
These better sleep (when all dear friends are fled)
In endless and serene oblivion.

But this is getting "lengthy" for an editorial. I will defer till our next number, Barry Cornwall's portrait self-drawn in his songs,—a portrait that will make of him, for all true lovers of poetry, who have not loved him before, a new idol of the imagination of the heart.

CATHOLIC STATISTICS.—The Catholic Almanac for 1841, gives the following statistics:

The Catholic population in the U. States, is 1,300,000. The number of clergymen is 545, of whom 436 are in the ministry, and 109 otherwise employed. The number of churches and chapels is 512; churches building, 27; other stations, 394. There are 17 ecclesiastical institutions, with 144 clerical students. The female religious institutions number 31, and the female academies, 49. There are in the female academies, 2,782 pupils. The literary institutions for young men number 24, and the young men in them, 1,593. The number of Catholic bishops in the U. S. is 17. During 1840, the accession to the priestly office have been 85.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE CRAYON PAPERS.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

PARISIAN SKETCHES IN 1825.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH CHARACTER.

As I am a mere looker-on in Europe, and hold myself as much as possible aloof from its quarrels and prejudices, I feel something like one overlooking a game, who, without any great skill of his own, can occasionally perceive the blunders of much abler players. This neutrality of feeling enables me to enjoy the contrasts of character presented in this time of general peace; when the various people of Europe, who have so long been sundered by wars, are brought together, and placed side by side in this great gathering-place of the French and English. The peace has deluged this gay capital with English visitors, of all ranks and conditions. They throng every place of curiosity and amusement; fill the public gardens, the galleries, the cafes, saloons, theatres; always herding together, never associating with the French. The two nations are like two threads of different colors, tangled together, but never blended.

In fact, they present a continual antithesis, and seem to value themselves upon being unlike each other; yet each have their peculiar merits, which should entitle them to each other's esteem. The French intellect is quick and active. It flashes its way into a subject with the rapidity of lightning; seizes upon remote conclusions with a sudden bound, and its deductions are almost intuitive. The English intellect is less rapid, but more persevering; less sudden, but more sure in its deductions. The quickness and mobility of the French enable them to find enjoyment in the multiplicity of sensations. They speak and act more from immediate impressions than from reflection and meditation. They are therefore more social and communicative; more fond of society, and of places of public resort and amusement. An Englishman is more reflective in his habits. He lives in the world of his own thoughts, and seems more self-existent and self-dependent. He loves the quiet of his own apartment: even when abroad, he in a manner makes a little solitude around him, by his silence and reserve: he moves about shy and solitary, and as it were, buttoned up, body and soul.

The French are great optimists: they seize upon every good as it flies, and revel in the passing pleasure. The Englishman is too apt to neglect the present good, in preparing against the possible evil. However adversities may lower, let the sun shine but for a moment, and forth sallies the mercurial Frenchman, in holiday dress and holiday spirits, gay as a butterfly, as though his sunshine were perpetual; but let the sun beam never so brightly, so there be but a cloud in the horizon, the wary Englishman ventures forth distrustfully, with his umbrella in his hand.

The Frenchman has a wonderful facility at turning small things to advantage. No one can be gay and luxurious on smaller means; no one requires less expense to be happy. He practices a kind of gilding in his style of living, and hammers out every guinea into gold leaf. The Englishman, on the contrary, is expensive in his habits, and expensive in his enjoyments. He values every thing, whether useful or ornamental, by what it costs. He has no satisfaction in show, unless it be solid and complete. Every thing goes with him by the square foot. Whatever display he makes, the depth is sure to equal the surface.

The Frenchman's habitation, like himself, is open, cheerful, bustling, and noisy. He lives in a part of a great hotel, with wide portal, paved court, a spacious dirty stone staircase, and a family on every floor. All is clatter and chatter. He is good humored and talkative with his servants, sociable with his neighbors, and complaisant to all the world. Any body has access to himself and his apartments; his very bedroom is open to visitors, whatever may be its state of confusion; and all this not from any peculiarly hospitable feeling, but from that communicative habit which predominates over his character.

The Englishman, on the contrary, ensconces himself in a snug brick mansion, which he has all to himself; locks the front door; puts broken bottles along his walls, and spring-

guns and man-traps in his gardens; shrouds himself with trees and window-curtains; exults in his quiet and privacy, and seems disposed to keep out noise, daylight, and company. His house, like himself, has a reserved, inhospitable exterior; yet whoever gains admittance, is apt to find a warm heart and warm fireside within.

The French excel in wit; the English in humor: the French have gayer fancy, the English richer imagination.—The former are full of sensibility; easily moved, and prone to sudden and great excitement; but their excitement is not durable: the English are more phlegmatic; not so readily affected; but capable of being aroused to great enthusiasm. The faults of these opposite temperaments are, that the vivacity of the French is apt to sparkle up and be frothy, the gravity of the English to settle down and grow muddy. When the two characters can be fixed in a medium, the French kept from effervescence and the English from stagnation, both will be found excellent.

This contrast of character may also be noticed in the great concerns of the two nations. The ardent Frenchman is all for military renown: he fights for glory, that is to say, for success in arms. For, provided the national flag is victorious, he cares little about the expense, the injustice, or the inutility of the war. It is wonderful how the poorest Frenchman will revel on a triumphant bulletin: a great victory is meat and drink to him; and at the sight of a military sovereign, bringing home captured cannon and captured standards, he throws up his greasy cap in the air, and is ready to jump out of his wooden shoes for joy.

John Bull, on the contrary, is a reasoning, considerate person. If he does wrong, it is in the most rational way imaginable. He fights because the good of the world requires it.—He is a moral person, and makes war upon his neighbor for the maintenance of peace and good order, and sound principles. He is a money-making personage, and fights for the prosperity of commerce and manufactures. Thus the two nations have been fighting, time out of mind, for glory and good. The French in pursuit of glory, have had their capital twice taken; and John, in pursuit of good, has run himself over head and ears in debt.

THE TUILLERIES AND WINDSOR CASTLE.

I have sometimes fancied that I could discover national characteristics in national edifices. In the Chateau of the Tuilleries, for instance, I perceive the same jumble of contrarieties that marks the French character; the same whimsical mixture of the great and the little; the splendid and the paltry, the sublime and the grotesque. On visiting this famous pile, the first thing that strikes both eye and ear, is military display. The courts glitter with steel-clad soldiery, and resound with the tramp of horse, the roll of drum, and the bray of trumpet. Dismounted guardsmen patrol the arcades, with loaded carbines, jingling spears, and clanking sabres. Gigantic grenadiers are posted about its stair-cases; young officers of the guards loiter on the balconies, or lounge in groups upon the terraces; and the gleam of bayonet from window to window, shows that sentinels are pacing up and down the corridors and ante-chambers. The first floor is brilliant with the splendors of a court. French taste has tasked itself in adorning the sumptuous suits of apartments; nor are the gilded chapel and splendid theatre forgotten, where Piety and Pleasure are next-door neighbors, and harmonize together with perfect French *biensance*.

Mingled up with all this regal and military magnificence, is a world of whimsical and make-shift detail. A great part of the huge edifice is cut up into little chambers and nestling-places for retainers of the court, dependants on retainers, and hangers-on of dependants. Some are squeezed into narrow entre-sols, those low, dark, intermediate slices of apartments between floors, the inhabitants of which seem shoved in edge-ways, like books between narrow shelves; others are perched, like swallows, under the eaves; the high roofs, too, which are as tall and steep as a French cocked-hat, have rows of little dormant windows, tier above tier, just large enough to admit light and air for some dormitory, and to enable its occupant to peep out at the sky. Even to the very ridge of the roof, may be seen, here and there, one of these a r hole, with a stove pipe beside it, to carry off the smoke

from the handful of fuel with which its weasen-faced tenant simmers his *demi-tasse* of coffee.

On approaching the palace from the Pont Royal, you take in at a glance all the various strata of inhabitants: the garret-ter in the roof; the retainer in the entre sol; the courtiers at the casements of the royal apartments; while on the ground-floor a steam of savory odors, and a score or two of cooks, in white caps, bobbing their heads about the windows, betray that scientific and all-important laboratory, the Royal Kitchen.

Go into the grand ante-chamber of the royal apartments on Sunday, and see the mixture of Old and New France: the old emigres, returned with the Bourbons; little withered, spindle-shanked old noblemen, clad in court dresses, that figured in these saloons before the revolution, and have been carefully treasured up during their exile; with the solitaires, and *ailes de pigeon* of former days; and the court swords strutting out behind, like pins stuck through dry beetles. See them haunting the scenes of their former splendor, in hopes of a restitution of estates, like ghosts haunting the vicinity of buried treasure: while around them you see the Young France, that have grown up in the fighting school of Napoleon; all equipped *en militaire*: tall, hardy, frank, vigorous, sun-burnt, fierce-whiskered; with tramping boots, towering crests, and glittering breast-plates.

It is incredible the number of ancient and hereditary feeders on royalty said to be housed in this establishment. Indeed all the royal palaces abound with noble families returned from exile, and who have nestling-places allotted them while they await the restoration of their estates, or the much-talked-of law indemnity. Some of them have fine quarters, but poor living. Some families have but five or six hundred francs a year, and all their retinue consists of a servant woman. With all this, they maintain their old aristocratical *hauteur*, look down with vast contempt upon the opulent families which have risen since the revolution; stigmatize them all as *parvenues*, or upstarts, and refuse to visit them.

In regarding the exterior of the Tuilleries, with all its outward signs of internal populousness, I have often thought what a rare sight it would be to see it suddenly unroofed, and all its nooks and corners laid open to the day. It would be like turning up the stump of an old tree, and dislodging the world of grubs, and ants, and beetles lodged beneath. Indeed there is a scandalous anecdote current, that in the time of one of the petty plots, when petards were exploded under the windows of the Tuilleries, the police made a sudden investigation of the place at four o'clock in the morning; when a scene of the most whimsical confusion ensued. Hosts of supernumerary inhabitants were found foisted into the huge edifice; every rat-hole had its occupant; and places which had been considered as tenanted only by spiders, were found crowded with a surreptitious population. It is added, that many ludicrous accidents occurred; great scampering and slamming of doors, and whisking away in night-gowns and slippers; and several persons, who were found by accident in their neighbors' chambers, evinced indubitable astonishment at the circumstance.

As I have fancied I could read the French character in the national palace of the Tuilleries, so I have pictured to myself some of the traits of John Bull in his royal abode of Windsor Castle. The Tuilleries, outwardly a peaceful palace, is in effect a swaggering military hold; while the old castle, on the contrary, in spite of its bullying look, is completely under petticoat government. Every corner and nook is built up into some snug cosy nestling place, some 'procreant cradle,' not tenanted by meagre expectants or whiskered warriors, but by sleek place-men; knowing realizers of present pay and present pudding; who seem placed there not to kill and destroy, but to breed and multiply. Nursery maids and children shine with rosy faces at the windows, and swarm about the courts and terraces. The very soldiery have a pacific look, and when on duty, may be seen loitering about the place with the nursery maids; not making love to them in the gay gallant style of the French soldiery, but with infinite bonhomie aiding them to take care of the broods of children.

Though the old castle is in decay, every thing about it thrives: the very crevices of the walls are tenanted by swallows, rooks, and pigeons, all sure of quiet lodgment: the ivy strikes its roots deep in the fissures, and flourishes about the

mouldering tower.* Thus it is with honest John: according to his own account, he is ever going to ruin, yet every thing that lives on him, thrives and waxes fat. He would fain be a soldier, and swagger like his neighbors; but his domestic, quiet-loving, uxorious nature continually gets the upper hand; and though he may mount his helmet and gird on his sword, yet he is apt to sink into the plodding, pains-taking father of a family; with a troop of children at his heels, and his women-kind hanging on each arm.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

I have spoken heretofore with some levity of the contrast that exists between the English and French character; but it deserves more serious consideration. They are the two great nations of modern times most diametrically opposed, and most worthy of each other's rivalry; essentially distinct in their characters, excelling in opposite qualities, and reflecting lustre on each other by their very opposition. In nothing is this contrast more strikingly evinced than in their military conduct. For ages have they been contending, and for ages have they crowded each other's history with acts of splendid heroism. Take the Battle of Waterloo, for instance, the last and most memorable trial of their rival prowess. Nothing could surpass the brilliant daring on the one side, and the steadfast enduring on the other. The French cavalry broke like waves on the compact squares of English infantry. They were seen galloping round those serried walls of men, seeking in vain for an entrance; tossing their arms in the air, in the heat of their enthusiasm, and braving the whole front of battle. The British troops, on the other hand, forbidden to move or fire, stood firm and enduring. Their columns were ripped up by cannonry; whole rows were swept down at a shot: the survivors closed their ranks, and stood firm. In this way many columns stood through the pelting of the iron tempest without firing a shot; without any action to stir their blood, or excite their spirits. Death thinned their ranks, but could not shake their souls.

A beautiful instance of the quick and generous impulses to which the French are prone, is given in the case of a French cavalier, in the hottest of the action, charging furiously upon a British officer, but perceiving in the moment of assault that his adversary had lost his sword-arm, dropping the point of his sabre, and courteously riding on. Peace be with that generous warrior, whatever were his fate! If he went down in the storm of battle, with the foundering fortunes of his chieftain, may the turf of Waterloo grow green above his grave!—and happier far would be the fate of such a spirit, to sink amidst the tempest, unconscious of defeat, than to survive, and mourn over the blighted laurels of his country.

In this way the two armies fought through a long and bloody day. The French with enthusiastic valor, the English with cool, inflexible courage, until Fate, as if to leave the question of superiority still undecided between two such adversaries, brought up the Prussians to decide the fortunes of the field.

It was several years afterward, that I visited the field of Waterloo. The ploughshare has been busy with its oblivious labors, and the frequent harvest had nearly obliterated the vestiges of war. Still the blackened ruins of Hougoumont stood, a monumental pile, to mark the violence of this vehement struggle. Its broken walls, pierced by bullets, and shattered by explosions, showed the deadly strife that had taken place within; when Gaul and Britain, hemmed in between narrow walls, hand to hand and foot to foot, fought from garden to court-yard, from court-yard to chamber, with intense and concentrated rivalry. Columns of smoke turned from this vortex of battle as from a volcano: 'it was,' said my guide, 'like a little hell upon earth.' Not far off, two or three broad spots of rank, unwholesome green still marked the places where these rival warriors, after their fierce and fitful struggle, slept quietly together in the lap of their common mother earth. Over all the rest of the field, peace had resumed its sway. The thoughtless whistle of the peasant floated on the air, instead of the trumpet's clamor; the team slowly labored up the hill-side, once shaken by the

hoofs of rushing squadrons; and wide fields of corn waved peacefully over the soldiers' graves, as summer seas dimple over the place where many a tall ship lies buried.

To the foregoing desultory notes on the French military character, let me append a few traits which I picked up verbally in one of the French provinces. They may have already appeared in print, but I have never met with them.

At the breaking out of the revolution, when so many of the old families emigrated, a descendant of the great Turenne, by the name of De Latour D'Auvergne, refused to accompany his relations, and entered into the Republican army. He served in all the campaigns of the revolution, distinguished himself by his valor, his accomplishments, and his generous spirit, and might have risen to fortune and to the highest honors. He refused, however, all rank in the army, above that of captain, and would receive no recompense for his achievements but a sword of honor. Napoleon, in testimony of his merits, gave him the title of Premier Grenadier de France (First Grenadier of France,) which was the only title he would ever bear. He was killed in Germany, in 1809 or '10. To honor his memory, his place was always retained in his regiment; as if he still occupied it; and whenever the regiment was mustered, and the name of De Latour D'Auvergne was called out, the reply was: 'Dead on the field of honor!'

PARIS AT THE RESTORATION.

Paris presented a singular aspect just after the downfall of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons. It was filled with a restless, roaming population; a dark, sallow race, with fierce moustaches, black cravats, and feverish, menacing looks; men suddenly thrown out of employ by the return of peace; officers cut short in their career, and cast loose with scanty means, many of them in utter indigence, upon the world; the broken elements of armies. They haunted the places of public resort, like restless, unhappy spirits, taking no pleasure; hanging about, like lowering clouds that linger after a storm, and giving a singular air of gloom to this otherwise gay metropolis.

The vaunted courtesy of the old school, the smooth urbanity that prevailed in former days of settled government and long-established aristocracy, had disappeared amidst the savage republicanism of the revolution and the military furor of the empire: recent reverses had stung the national vanity to the quick; and English travellers, who crowded to Paris on the return of peace, expecting to meet with a gay, good-humored, complaisant populace, such as existed in the time of the 'Sentimental Journey,' were surprised at finding them irritable and fractious, quick at fancying affronts, and not unapt to offer insults. They accordingly inveighed with heat and bitterness at the rudeness they experienced in the French metropolis: yet what better had they to expect? Had Charles II. been reinstated in his kingdom by the valor of French troops; had he been wheeled triumphantly to London over the trampled bodies and trampled standards of England's bravest sons; had a French general dictated to the English capital, and a French army been quartered in Hyde-Park; had Paris poured forth its motley population, and the wealthy bourgeoisie of every French trading town swarmed to London; crowding its squares; filling its streets with their equipages; thronging its fashionable hotels, and places of amusements; elbowing its impoverished nobility out of their palaces and opera-boxes, and looking down on the humiliated inhabitants as a conquered people; in such a reverse of the case, what degree of courtesy would the populace of London have been apt to exercise toward their visitors?†

On the contrary, I have always admired the degree of magnanimity exhibited by the French on the occupation of their capital by the English. When we consider the military ambition of this nation, its love of glory; the splendid height to which its renown in arms had recently been carried, and with these, the tremendous reverses it had just undergone; its armies shattered, annihilated, its capital captured, garrisoned, and overrun, and that too by its ancient rival, the English,

† The above remarks were suggested by a conversation with the late Mr. Canning, whom the author met in Paris, and who expressed himself in the most liberal way concerning the magnanimity of the French on the occupation of their capital by strangers.

* The above sketch was written before the thorough repairs and magnificent additions that have been made of late years to Windsor Castle.

toward whom it had cherished for centuries a jealous and almost religious hostility; could we have wondered, if the tiger spirit of this fiery people had broken out in bloody feuds and deadly quarrels; and that they had sought to rid themselves in any way, of their invaders? But it is cowardly nations only, those who dare not wield the sword, that revenge themselves with the lurking dagger. There were no assassinations in Paris. The French had fought valiantly, desperately, in the field; but when valor was no longer of avail, they submitted like gallant men to a fate they could not withstand. Some instances of insult from the populace were experienced by their English visitors; some personal rencontres, which led to duels, did take place; but these smacked of open and honorable hostility. No instance of lurking and perfidious revenge occurred, and the British soldier patrolled the streets of Paris safe from treacherous assault.

P. S.—In the course of a morning's walk, about the time the above remarks were written, I observed the Duke of Wellington, who was on a brief visit to Paris. He was alone—simply attired in a blue frock—with an umbrella under his arm, and his hat drawn over his eyes, and sauntering across the Place Vendôme, close by the column of Napoleon. He gave a glance up at the column as he passed, and continued his loitering way up the Rue de la Paix; stopping occasionally to gaze in at the shop-windows; elbowed now and then by other gazers, who little suspected that the quiet, lounging individual they were jostling so unceremoniously, was the conqueror who had twice entered their capital victoriously; had controlled the destinies of the nation, and eclipsed the glory of the military idol, at the base of whose column he was thus negligently sauntering.

Some years afterward I was at an evening's entertainment given by the Duke at Apsley House, to William IV. The Duke had manifested his admiration of his great adversary, by having portraits of him in different parts of the house.—At the bottom of the grand staircase, stood the colossal statue of the Emperor, by Canova. It was of marble, in the antique style, with one arm partly extended, holding a figure of victory. Over this arm the ladies, in tripping up stairs to the ball, had thrown their shawls. It was a singular office for the statue of Napoleon to perform in the mansion of the Duke of Wellington!

SERPENTS.—It seems ascertained that the bite of all the reptiles of the genus *Crotalus* is extremely dangerous; the slightest prick of their envenomed fangs, in any part of the body well supplied with blood-vessels, being sufficient to kill almost any animal. Laurenti says that a person bitten by a *Crotalus* experiences a swelling of the entire body, the tongue becomes prodigiously inflamed, unextinguishable thirst takes place, the edges of the wound become gangrened, and the unfortunate victim dies in frightful agony in five or six minutes. Different experiments made in Carolina, by Captain Hall, are related in the Philosophical Transactions. A rattlesnake, four feet long, was fastened to a stake, and being made to bite three dogs, the first died in less than a quarter of a minute; the second in convulsions, in about two hours; the third in about three hours.—Four days after this, another dog was bitten by the same snake, and died in half a minute; and then a second received the murderous fangs, and died in four minutes. A common black snake, about three feet long, and very vigorous, was next procured. The reptiles bit each other—the black snake dying in eight minutes, the rattlesnake not seeming in any way affected by its wound.—Proceeding upon the supposition that “none but itself could be its parallel,” it was then made to inflict a bite on its own body, and this suicidal deceit was followed by the hoped-for consequence—it died in less than twelve minutes. The story is probably well known to all, though not credited by so many, of a disagreeable kind of heir-loom which once existed in an American family. A man had been bitten through his boots by a rattlesnake and died. The boots afterwards descended into the possession of two other persons, and killed them both—an envenomed fang having remained sticking in the leather. As usual, we have contradictory accounts of the effects of corresponding causes. We knew that an Englishman who was unfortunately bitten by a rattlesnake at Rouen in 1827, expired in eight hours: yet in the April of the same year, at a

meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, Professor Bosc declared that he had seen more than thirty persons who had been bitten by rattlesnakes, not one of whom had died. According to Kalm, even the largest animals, such as horses and oxen, die almost instantly. Dogs longer resist this fatal action. Most animals exhibit an instinctive horror on hearing one of these death-dealing creatures. “I have often,” says M. Bosc, “amused myself by trying to force my horse and dog to approach one of these animals; but they would sooner have allowed themselves to be knocked down upon the spot than have come near them.” Yet Mr. Audubon informs us, that the mocking-bird of America, so strong and overpowering is the instinct of parental love, does not hesitate to attack the rattlesnake when it approaches too near its nest—that it will strike it on the head, peck out its eyes, and eventually put it to death.—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

From the Ladies' Companion, for January.
MILTON.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

Who knows what thou hast done, prophetic bard,
“On evil days though fall’n, and evil tongues,”
Thy heaven-illumined genius wandered through
Catholic regions, and from thickest night
Unveiled the golden age—the age of good,
When man, in wedded bliss, walked Paradise.
Thou sang’st his fall, when from obedience
Adam, the first great church, with tears beheld
Self-degradation, as the sensual will
Usurped the will of Heaven. Of evil thoughts
And thence of evil deeds that then ensued,
Thy holy song was filled, ’till moon-like faith
Disjoined from sun-like charity, drove man
Weeping from Eden. Thus thy song did end.
Yet was thy work unfinished—once again
Urania, crowned with stars, and pointing up
The avenue of Heaven, commissioned came,
And touched thy hallowed lips for prophecy.
Then thou didst sing of Paradise Regained,
Unknowing what thou sang’st, but haply dreaming
In thy celestial vision, that thy song,
Fraught with high truth, would do its little work
As a mere work of genius, and call down
The laurel on thy brow in after years,
Uniting thee in fame, thy ardent hope,
With “Thamyris and blind Mæonides,”
Both blind like thee, blind to the sensual glare
That shuts out Heaven. Who reads thy poem now,
And does not think that Milton’s genius fell
With his hymned fall of man? But ages hence,
Men will pour o’er thy Paradise Regained,
And comprehend it as they cannot now.
Then, when the Lord’s New Church shall have advanced
In this the second golden age of man,
The last age sang in the Cumæan songs,
Foretold by all the prophets, then great bard!
Thy name will rank with the wise men of old,
Whose lips were instrumental to confirm,
“And justify the ways of God to man.”

WHY EDITORS LOVE FLATTERY.—The veteran of the New Haven World is letting out the secrets of the prison house. We don’t half like it in him; for if he is to retire on an appointment, like Major Noah, we young ’uns who have many years of editorials before us, don’t want to be blown upon. Hear what the man says:

No man loves a little flattery better than editor, for if they have no better reward for their services, it will sometimes serve to soften the perturbed spirit, quell the rancor of indignant pride, spread a plaster upon his general sores, and induce a kind and forgiving feeling to all the delinquents, who, however much they may have abused him, like Charles Surface in the School for Scandal, would not “sell his picture.”

From the Ladies' Companion, for January.

THE MOLTEN CALF.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

A cloud on Sinai's summit sleeps
Which o'er the plain no shadow throws,
The tempest which around it sweeps
Mars not its deep repose.
And though the gusts be wild and loud,
The hill before their force shall bend,
Ere in its slighted folds they rend,
The tabernacle cloud.

Within its deep, mysterious folds
Jehovah's presence dwells in light,
And Israel from the plain beholds
His God upon the height,
Unseen but visible, as when
A veil of flesh the cloud supplied,
And covered, though it could not hide,
God from the eyes of men.

And he, of sinful mortal mould,
Admitted to that veil alone
High converse with his God to hold,
Before the cloudy throne,
Hears in entranced and trembling awe
Syllabic thunders round him roll,
Revealing to his inmost soul
Jehovah's holy law.

The moon, since first he climbed that hill,
Hath waned and waxed, and waned again,
While sinful thoughts and wishes fill
The crowd upon the plain:—
And, whilst the tents around them shake
With Sinai's thunders loud and dread,
Their hearts to holy impulse dead,
Jehovah's laws forsake.

And he, borne on by floods of sin,
Whose lips should sacred truth unfold,
Reddens the furnace, and throws in
The desecrated gold:
And from the mould their hands had made
Comes forth their god!—a molten beast—
In whose foul worship Levite, Priest,
And People bow the head.

And marvel we that man, with all
God's power displayed before his eyes,
Should from his high allegiance fall
To senseless sacrifice?
Like those whose feet the desert trod
Trifles and toys our bosoms fill,
Earth claims affection deeper still
Than holiness and God.

Look round; where'er thine eye can rest
A present Deity is there,
His footsteps on the billow's crest,
His voice is in the air,
His hand in every tree and flower,
His eye in Heaven's eternal blue,
And in life,—instinct,—reason,—view
"The hiding of His Power!"

And still from Him we turn away
And fill our hearts with worthless things,
The fires of Avarice melt the clay
And forth the idol springs!
Ambition's flame and Passion's heat,
By wondrous alchemy, transmute
Earth's dross, to raise some gilded brute
To fill Jehovah's seat.

Boston, 1840.

From the Dublin Magazine for December.

THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' CLUB.

The Dramatic Authors' Society, that learned body, of which I was then an humble member, held their meetings in a back shop, at Miller's library, in Henrietta street, Covent Garden, whence they fulminated the thunders of their anger against offending managers, and addresses of thanks to Sir Lytton Bulwer, for having obtained for them a bill, protecting dramatic copyright. Into this sanctum was I ushered, after passing through the library, where one or two actors, and three or four musical composers were idly lounging about, seeking the theatrical news of the day, which they were sure to pick up from some of the Shakespearian tribe, who made Miller's shop their daily house of call; poor man, he at last found it such a bore, he turned our learned body out of his house, and set up a private theatrical agency on his own account, while the high representatives fled to a first floor, over a neighboring tobacconist's divan, there to continue their labors in behalf of the public and their honorable selves.

But as the French say, "*au revoir a nos moutons*,"—to come back to my Diary—

I was ushered into the little back room, lit by a dirty skylight, where sat in conclave the bright geniuses, whose wit had oft amused me, long ere I had had any idea of becoming a retailer of that commodity myself. It is true, by the dingy light I have already alluded to, the persons by whom I found myself surrounded, certainly evinced no spark of their inward brightness. In their present exterior appearance, a less gifted set, I never saw, nor was their conversation at all striking to a stranger, although I must candidly allow, on better acquaintance, I have heard the very wittiest, the best timed impromptus uttered in this Society, it was ever my lot to hear; and though I have since become an F.R.S., and F.S.A., and F.L.S., and a member of half the deeply learned Societies of Europe, yet I have never heard such true and racy good things, as those I have known carelessly dropped, when in dramatic *seance*.

When I entered, the President for the day, Charles Dance, rose and welcomed me, introducing me to the different members by name, while the little "*Secretary pro tem*," Dicky Peake, eyed me for a moment with one of his quizzical, his inimitable glances, and then came forward and shook me by the hand, welcomed me as a brother author, of which I was not a little proud; for he who can reckon himself little Dicky's equal, may justly esteem himself inferior in wit, to none in Europe. My handsome friend, (for Charles Dance is very handsome, remarkably gentlemanlike, and a great favorite with all the ladies,) next introduced me to his brother, a clever man, a first-rate mimic, and a perfect Diogenes in satire; inferior to none in the world in that respect, save and except boyish-looking little Douglas Jerrold, whose repartee is so sharp and biting, that I really pitied Fatty Addison, whom he was at this instant unmercifully quizzing, but who, like the English at Waterloo, (according to Buonaparte's idea,) seemed perfectly unconscious he was beaten, and still attempted to keep up the unequal contest. Planche the cabinet maker and joiner of Charles Dance, was my next introduction. He boasts a particular good address, but he has a rapid delivery, a fidgety haste, a perpetual motion about him, which completely conceals the fact, or at least, deceives the stranger, who could never suppose that Planche is the best adapter of foreign operas, the most thoroughly skilled in dramatic effects, and above all, the only good authority for antiquarian costume in England. He can tell you the dress, the arms, the habits of almost every nation, at every period, since the commencement of the world. He is deeply read in heraldry, and with all his apparent lightness, is thoroughly conversant with the driest branches of English literature. But what was my surprise on being presented to Mr. Fitz Ball (or Ball, as he is more familiarly called, the Fitz being a self-selected soubriquet, in imitation of the numerous Fitz's, that hourly spring up to adorn natural children, actors, and low people suddenly becoming rich.) In Fitz Ball, I expected to see a ferocious, fear-inspiring, raw head and bloody bones, for such was the picture I had formed in my mind's eye, of the author of Jonathan Bradford, and every other diabolical, atrocious, fire and fury melo-drama for the last twenty years; a man, who, to write such horrors, must, in my

opinion, have nightly supped on raw pork. What then, as I said before, must have been my surprise, when he addressed me in an undertone; a frightened, timid query of "I hope you are well, sir." Could it be he; could this be the man, who, in describing a firmly fixed intent in one of his dramas (Walter Brand, I believe,) says,

"Not like the swallow, which lightly skims the lake,
But like the mud-embedded eel, which bubbles up
Its own damnation."

and has half-ruined the managers of the minors, by the lavish expenditure, his pieces have required, of blue lights, resin and sulphur; yet it was truly he; the gaunt-timid man who quietly submitted himself as a frequent victim to the wit of Peake, Jerrold & Co., was no less a personage than the Fitz Ball, who, after writing "St. George and the Dragon," was fain compelled to submit to the oaths and criticisms of Ducrow, who thus told him on the public stage: "I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Fitz Ball; you see as how you needn't blame them ere 'orses of mine, for I'm d—d if they'll play in this ere stuff, d—n to it," and then Ducrow kicked the call boy; for the elegant-looking rider—the graceful Ducrow, in the circus, is the vulgarest and most violent man alive, when not before the public. But I'm digressing.

Sheridan Knowles was present; there is a mildness in his eye, an absence in his manner, which bespeaks a hard-worked mind. His figure is common; his accent, a strong brogue, but his smile tells you at once, as he warmly grasps your hand, that his heart is in the right place, and that the best writer since the days of Shakespeare (and if you doubt it, read the *Hunchback*, or the *Wife*,) is as good a fellow as ever breathed; a warm friend, and an excellent family man.

At this instant, I heard the name of Dibdin spoken; I looked up, a man of sixty, looking, however, far older, answered to the name; bent with care rather than with age; mild, and apparently suffering from poverty, I beheld Tom Dibdin, the last of the Dibdins, enter. He came to know if any of his hundred dramatic pieces had been played during the week, and whether any shillings, arising from their performance in the country, had been paid into our treasury for him. Alas! no, there was nothing to receive; the old man, for he is now quite so, heaved a deep sigh, attempted to utter a joke—it failed—and with cruel disappointment legibly written on his countenance, he turned and left the room. Reader, it is true: this is no overdrawn picture; Tom Dibdin, the last of that once courted name, is without a pension; without assistance, vainly endeavoring to sustain the remnant he has left of life, by every means in his power, giving his bright talents for the price of a wretched meal, while a host of others, now moving in a luxurious world of fashion, are pensioned and protected. God help a broken-down author, without patronage. It was a startling frontispiece to the career I was about to run.

There was rather a serious-looking small man in the corner, who took little or no interest in the proceedings, until it was stated that the "*Wreck Ashore*" had been played at a small country village, where the manager pleaded such poverty, that he had flatly refused to pay the 5s. demanded for the use of it; for I must tell you, any piece may be played by any manager, in any place, and on any occasion, always provided he pays the sum laid down by the Society's scale, for the right and privilege to perform the same, some theatres being classed as low as 2s. for permission to make use of a one-act piece, and so on in proportion. As I have stated, a manager had proved refractory, and I now heard the little gentleman ordering Mr. Lithgow, our attorney, to prosecute instantly in behalf, and on account of the Society, the aforesaid defaulter. How astonished I was, I need scarcely tell you, when I discovered that the lugubrious little gentleman who was urging on the lawyer, was the facetious little Buckstone who, without the slightest knowledge of French, translates more foreign dramas, than any man in the United Kingdom. Buckstone is a clever little fellow, and always contrives to get hold of the manager's ear; he is very deaf, and during a most eloquent and almost heart-rending appeal from the needy manager, all he was heard to utter, was an occasional query, in his own odd voice, addressed to his neighbor, "Tell me; does he *has* paid in the money?"

Moncrieff, who was once the most courted author about town, is indeed reduced, not in intellect, for he is still strong,

clear, and quick-sighted, but in fortune, for with all these gifts, he often finds it necessary to exert himself to obtain a meal; and yet he is one of the brightest ornaments of that profession for which I had given up almost every prospect. Shakspeare was poor—he kept no carriage, and consequently had to trudge to the Globe Theatre on foot. To arrive at his fame, I could even consent to this; but I never heard he was without a meal, or perhaps, I should not have become a dramatic author.

Poor old Arnold; they say he was once clever, probably good living had impaired his intellects; at all events, it had spoiled his figure, and his enunciation. He is now gone; he made many friends; this was a proof he could not have been a "bad fellow." He lies in his grave—"De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

Abbott appeared a general favorite; good nature often leads to ruin; the men who that day praised him, now sneer when his name is mentioned. He was then a successful manager; he has since been ruined; gratitude should never be expected in our profession.

Millingen was throwing in a word for Thackery, an absent member, for Millingen is an Irishman, and all Irishmen are good natured. Thackery was undergoing a sort of court martial, held on him by his brother scribes, for having produced a piece in his own name, written by another person. For this crime, poor T. was *chassed* the Society. Every man should be tried (so says the law,) by his equals; the trial was consequently strictly legal, for there was not one of his judges who had not been guilty of the same act of robbery. I condemned plagiary *then*. I have since found it both useful and necessary.

Rodwell, the composer and dramatist, has a host of fun. When at table, either by contrast, or at a friend's expense, he is a prince of good fellows. He has plenty of money, and expects more. His conversation, when we met on the occasion I allude to, was confined to a project in embryo, of forming a Society to mutually protect, musical copyright. This was found impossible, since no two composers were ever known to unite in harmony. They are the most jealous men under the sun.

Beazley came in in a fuss, and went out in ditto; nobody ever saw him otherwise; he is an architect, and a first-rate adorer of the fairer sex.

But I am getting too prolix; besides, were I to say more, I should spoil my forthcoming work, to be entitled, "*The Sock and Buskin, and their Makers*," were I to retail all the witticisms I that day heard, I should rob my next farce, so I will wrap the cloak of mystery around me.

POUTING ROOMS.—The late President John Adams, in his correspondence with Mr. Cunningham, gives the following definition of a Boudoir. An excellent idea,—a thing that might possibly be found useful and salutary in many dwellings.

"What is a Boudoir? It is a *Pouting Room*. And what is a Pouting Room? In many gentlemen's houses in France there is an apartment of an octagonal form, twelve or fifteen feet across, and thirty six or forty five feet round, and all the eight sides as well as the ceiling above, are all of the most polished glass mirrors; so that when a man stands in the centre of the room, he sees himself in every direction, multiplied into a row of selfs, as far as the eye can extend. The humor of it is, that when the lady of the house is out of temper, when she is angry, or when she weeps without a cause, she may be locked up in this chamber to pout, and see in every direction how beautiful she is."

SIMPLICITY OF CHARACTER.—Dr. Bailett having on a certain occasion detected a student walking in the Fellows' Garden, Trinity College, Dublin, asked him how he had obtained admission. "I jumped over the library, sir," said the student. "D'ye see me now, sir?—you are telling me an infernal lie, sir!" exclaimed the Vice-Provost. "Lie, sir!" echoed the student; "I'll do it again!" and forthwith proceeded to button his coat, in apparent preparation for the feat; when the worthy doctor, seizing his arm, prevented him, exclaiming with horror, "Stop, stop—you'll break your bones if you attempt it!"

From Blackwood's Magazine for December.

BEAU NASH, THE MONARCH OF BATH.

It is by no means an over-refinement to attribute a portion of the reviving grace of public manners to the influence of Bath. It had long shared the general rusticity of the time, for the court was vicious without being elegant; and the country, in contempt of its foreign manners, took a pride in the national roughness. Smoking was every where indulged in. The squire walked into the public room with his pipe in his mouth, and danced in his boots: the time for breaking up the public balls depended wholly on the whim of the dancers; if it was their will, they broke off at midnight, or danced till dawn. Those who regarded themselves as the superior order of birth or fortune, came to the dance with swords, and the evening sometimes ended in a melee. Ruffians soon learned to assume the dress and swords of the aristocracy; and Bath was on the point of being deserted by all gentlemen. But this catastrophe was averted by a singular circumstance, and a singular individual.

A physician of some repute, conceiving himself insulted by the inhabitants, commenced a series of attacks upon the efficacy of the waters, and finally exhibited his wrath in a pamphlet, of which he boasted "that it would cast a toad into the spring." It happened that at this period a wandering gamester from London, [1702] one of those "gentlemen upon the town" who make so stirring a figure in the plays of the last century, had come to Bath for the first time. The popular alarm caught his ear. It struck him that it offered an opening exactly calculated for a genius like his own: he laughed at the doctor's pamphlet, told every body that, if the direction of the public amusements was placed in his hands, he would "expel the toad," as the Italians cured the poison of the tarantula, by music, and that he wanted only a few more fiddles to conquer. The conqueror was the eccentric, extravagant, and nearly undone adventurer, to whom all the world has long since given the name of Beau Nash.

The new sovereign of the *menus plaisirs* signalized the commencement of his office like other monarchs, by demanding universal allegiance, and establishing a code. A sufficiently expressive character of what the previous manners were, may be traced in the digest issued by the new king. It was entitled—

"Rules to be observed at Bath.

"1. That a visit of ceremony at first coming, and another at going away, are all that can be expected or desired by ladies of quality and fashion, *except impertinents*.

"2. That ladies coming to the ball appoint a time for their footmen coming to wait on them home, to prevent disturbance and inconveniences to themselves and others.

"3. That gentlemen of fashion never appearing in a morning before the ladies, in *gowns and caps*, show breeding and respect.

"4. That no person take it ill that any one goes to another's play, or breakfast, and not theirs, *except captious by nature*.

"5. That no gentleman give his ticket for the balls to any but gentlewomen, *unless he has none of his acquaintance*.

"6. That gentlemen crowding before the ladies at the ball, show ill manners, and that none do so for the future, *except those who respect nobody but themselves*.

"7. That no gentleman or lady take it ill that another dances before them, *except such as have no pretence to dance at all*.

"8. That the elder ladies and children be content with a second bench at the ball, as being past, or not come to *perfection*.

"9. That the younger ladies take notice how many eyes observe them. This does not extend to the *Have-at-alls*!

"10. That all whisperers of lies and scandal be taken for their *authors*.

"11. That all repeaters of such lies and scandal be shunned by all company, *except such as have been guilty of the same crime*.

"N. B.—Several men of no character, old women, and young ones of questioned reputation, are great authors of lies in these places, being of the sect of *Levellers*."

Whether our ancestors were wiser or weaker than ourselves, this code shows that they must have required a strong discipline to make them well-bred. All the old gentlemen of the past age seem to have rested their claims to refinement on the embroidery of their coats, and the curls of their perukes. Beau Nash's code is fit only for an academy of Hot-tentots; and we may fairly triumph over the generation of stiff skirts and snuff boxes, if their manners required as law what would now be repelled as libel.

Even in their boasted etiquette of dress, they sometimes exhibited a singular rusticity. One of the most difficult reforms of the new master of the ceremonies, was the prohibition of *white aprons* in the ball-room. This appendage, which made a duchess look like a dairymaid, was one of his first objects of hostility. One night, on seeing the Duchess of Queensberry enter the room in one of those obnoxious aprons, Nash went up to her, remonstrated on its unsuitableness, and threw it among the ladies' maids sitting on the back benches, saying that "none but waiting-women appeared in white aprons." The Duchess had the good sense to take the reproof with a smile, and acknowledge that she bowed to his "Majesty's" authority.

Another and more serious offence soon exhibited the value of his rule. The habit of wearing swords—one of the grossest absurdities of the time—often produced fatal rencontres. The ball-room, the theatre and the streets, were the frequent scenes of duels for the most trifling causes. The modern advocates for duelling, who contend that it has the merit of keeping society in order, should explain how it was, that when every gentleman wore a sword, every day, nay almost every hour, produced its quarrel. A chance look, a peevish word, an accidental touch, and the sword was instantly out; and the men who had never seen each other before, found themselves engaged in deadly combat. Nash applied himself, with characteristic spirit, to abolish the nuisance, by prohibiting swords in all places of public entertainment. This, he humorously said, was "only to hinder people from doing what they had no mind to;" the duellists being generally spurred on to the conflict only by finding that the public gaze was upon them. However, one desperate encounter of this kind so strongly excited public reprobation, that he was enabled to obtain his object. Two gentlemen, of the name of Taylor and Clarke, both professional gamesters, having quarrelled at play, went out to fight on the spot. It was night, and they fought by torchlight in the public promenade. Taylor was desperately wounded, but lived for seven years after, when he died of the wound; some accident having caused it to break out afresh, he bled to death. Clarke, from that period, pretended to grow religious, and even turned Quaker, dying eighteen years after in poverty and contrition. Still it was thought necessary to put the new regulation on the footing of gallantry; and gentlemen were forbidden to wear swords, because "they often tore the ladies' clothes, and also frightened them by being drawn in their presence."—Nash was supreme; and wherever he heard of a challenge, instantly had both parties arrested.

Emboldened by this success, he commenced his campaign against another nuisance. To induce the country gentlemen to wear shoes and stockings at the rooms, was looked upon as not much less difficult than to persuade a Highlander to invest his nether man in breeches, or an Esquimaux to part with his skin. Nash, strong in the cause of virtue, determined to make the experiment. The squires resisted long and stoutly. They clung to their boots with hereditary zeal until Nash tried ridicule. He tasked his muse for a song, which he entitled—

"FRONTINELLA'S INVITATION TO THE ASSEMBLY.

"Come, one and all, to Hoyden hall,
For there we meet to night;
Let praises and fools
Mind fashion's rules,
We Hoydens all decency slight.
"Come, trollops and slatterns,
Cock'd hats and white aprons,
We beat up for folly's recruits;
For why should not we
In dress be as free,
As Hog's-Norton squires in boots!"

This was certainly no very pointed shaft from Apollo's quiver, and yet it appears to have stung the squires deeply.—

Set to a lively tune, it was sung every where; and the nobility having declared that it did honor to the poetry of the age, it made the wearing of boots, in ball-rooms, a formidable experiment for the future.

But he was not content with a partial victory. Like the true general, nothing could satisfy him that did not drive the foe from the field. To complete the overthrow of the boots, he called in the aid of that universal favorite, Punch. He exhibited a puppet-show, in which Punch made his appearance booted and spurred, in the full costume of the country squire. On paying his devoirs to a blooming beauty, the lady acknowledged a mutual passion, but objected to his boots; "He must get rid of them, or submit to be rejected." Punch was all astonishment at such a request. "I am," said he, "a country squire. Has any person living ever heard of any of us taking off his boots? Why, madam, they are a part of ourselves; you might as well pull off our legs; we walk in them—we ride in them; we eat and drink in them; we sleep and we wake in them; we feast in them, and we *will* dance in them. I assure you they are quite the thing in Bath. We are always seen in them at our country balls, too; and, in fact, without their boots country gentlemen are nothing." But the blooming beauty was not to be convinced; and finding argument useless, and remonstrance thrown away, kicked Punch out of her presence, boots and all.

The moral of this piece of humor was found in the laughter of the populace, and Punch had the honor of effecting a reform. At length Nash found himself so strong on the subject, that whenever any one entered the rooms in boots, he walked up, and, bowing with assumed gravity, would express his regret "that the gentleman had forgotten his horse."

But he had other reforms to make. The chairmen of Bath had begun to grow numerous, and, in consequence, insolent. The chief part of them had flocked over from Ireland, and the spirit of riot had not received any diminution from the circumstance. The chairmen having a monopoly of the public conveyance, were like other monopolists; and gentlemen or ladies who presumed to walk home at night, instead of using the sedans, were liable to be insulted by those fellows. Nash applied force to amend this evil, and shortly reduced the refractory to discipline.

The lodgings for visitors were in a deplorable condition, and alike dirty and dear. The dining-rooms and chambers were without carpets, the floors being colored brown with small-beer and soot, to hide their dirt. The furniture corresponded to the general state of the house, and consisted of a few oak-chairs, a table, and a small looking-glass, with a fender and tongs. Of course, there were occasional exceptions. A tariff for lodgings was subsequently adopted.

Nash seemed formed by nature and habit expressly for his office. His intercourse with the fashion of London had given him manners—his knowledge of the gamester's life had made him familiar with all the interior of a curious and intricate system, which then involved nearly every idler, whether of fashion or below it. His natural sagacity taught him to apply his experience to the advantage of his new dominion; and his wit, pleasantry, and habitual politeness, made his authority light to Bath and to every body.

The fame of the new regulations soon brought strangers to Bath; and the effect exhibited itself in the improvement of the streets and the erection of buildings. But the Assembly Room was still scarcely better than a booth. Nash now commenced his operations to remedy this want. One Harrison raised a handsome building, for the use of which and the lighting he was to have three guineas a-week. The band of music, which it had been his first care to form, and for which he provided by a subscription, was increased, and paid two guineas each by the week. Gardens were added to the rooms, and they became the fashionable promenade.

The balls were the grand amusement, and Nash regulated them with the strictest etiquette. He ordered that they should begin at six precisely, and as precisely end at eleven. This was done to allow of the attendance of the invalids, by rendering the hours consistent with their health. Minuets—a fashion imported from France, as France had imported them from Spain—opened each ball; the lady and gentleman of the highest rank present dancing the first. When the minuet was concluded, the lady was led to her seat, and the

master of the ceremonies led up a new lady, each gentleman being expected to dance two minutes; this portion of the dancing generally lasting two hours. When the minuets were ended, which to us would appear intolerably tedious—though old ladies and gentlemen still declare that grace of movement and elegance of manners were never seen since their decay, and scarcely scruple to insinuate that to this fatal neglect we owe no slight share of the French Revolution—at eight, country dances were permitted, women of title, according to their rank, taking the highest places. At nine, the gentlemen led the ladies to tea. On returning, they resumed the dance till eleven. At that moment the master of the ceremonies advanced into the room, and, holding up his finger, ordered the band to desist. The ball closed instantly, and the ladies were handed to their sedan chairs. So strict was this etiquette, that no authority was suffered to interfere. It is on record, as an instance of Nash's inflexible virtue on this point, that one night the Princess Amelia, sister of George III., desiring him to order "one dance more," after he had given the signal for closing the ball, he declared to her Royal Highness that his laws were, like the laws of Lycurgus, irreversible by any power, however royal or however fair.

It is said, that one of the pupils of Titian replying to some suggestion for improving his picture, "that it was but a trifle;" the great master observed, that perfection is made "up of trifles, but perfection is no trifle." Nash's regulations, trifling as they are in detail, yet had no trifling consequence. They were actually the means of raising a small town into a great one, refining the manners of an important portion of English society; reconciling the care of health with the rational pursuit of pleasure, and teaching the nation, how to be at once "merry and wise."

"Order" was Nash's first law; and every transaction, every hour and amusement, was regulated by a settled and known rule. The arrival of every person of rank, or other distinction, in Bath, was welcomed by a peal of the abbey bells, and subsequently by the city band, or "waits;" for this a fee was established, from half-a-crown to half-a-guinea. It was objected that the peal might disturb the sick; but Nash, with his usual knowledge of human nature, observed, "that people must be very sick indeed, when they had lost all curiosity; that the sound of the bells, announcing a new arrival, made every one anxious to know whose it was, and that no city was the worse for being kept alive." Some of the regulations remain to this day, some have fallen into disuse by the change of circumstances; but they all exhibit the talent for sagacious arrangement which characterized this singular and certainly dexterous personage.

It was "expected" that the head of every family should subscribe to all the public places immediately on his arrival. Two guineas to the balls and the pump-room; from half-a-crown to a guinea for walking in the gardens of the assembly rooms; half-a-guinea subscription to the circulating library, and another subscription to the coffee-house for the pens, ink, and paper with which he wrote his letters there; the coffee-house being, in those days, the chief place of correspondence. Thus health, exercise, and books, were provided together.

But the great object was to provide employment, or amusement, for every one at every hour of the day. Notoriously, nothing is so difficult as to amuse idlers, or to make those employ themselves who have no other pursuit than pleasure.—Every thing in this world is more easily killed than time. Nash's ingenuity contrived to turn the duty into a pastime, and the pastime into a duty. The bath was the first object. The hours were appointed between six and nine in the morning. The lady was brought in a close chair, dressed in her bathing clothes, to the bath. On her descending the steps into the water, she was presented with a little floating basin, in which were placed her handkerchief, a snuff-box, and a nosegay. If a novice, she had an attendant to guide her through the watery way. If accustomed to this curious immersion, she followed her own fancies and played the Naiad until she was satisfactorily boiled. After the bath hours the pump-room was opened, where the company assembled to chat and drink the waters. During the drinking of this nauseous draught an orchestra continued to play, probably on the principle of the music at the sacrifices of Moloch, to drown the cries of the roasting children. The company then returned to their own homes to breakfast, or joined the public

breakfasts in the assembly rooms. By this time the newspapers were to be found in the coffee-houses; and, as the ladies had a separate coffee-house, they enjoyed the opportunity of turning politicians for the day.

The morning was now handsomely got rid of. On the Sundays and holydays the majority went to church. On other days the company spread themselves through the environs of the town, or found health and exercise in the promenades. The more adventurous rode and drove to the hills which diversify this fine country; the fashionable promenaded the streets; the philosophers turned over the shelves of the libraries; the poets, the sentimentalists, and the lovers, wandered along the banks of the soft flowing "Avon."—Every one was occupied, every one found provision for his peculiar taste. There never was a republic so free, a despotism so unresisted, or a monarchy so happy. Then came dinner. Instead of our modern unnatural hour of seven or eight, it was at four; for every one who went to the ball-room must be there before six. Early rising had strengthened the frame, pleasant society had enlivened the spirits, and a day of exercise had given an appetite for the simple meal which then constituted dinner. After dinner the pump-room was again opened: every Tuesday and Friday there was a public ball: the theatre was open every evening; and with those were intermingled private parties, balls, and suppers. It may be presumed that the author of this flourishing state of things enjoyed his triumph. Never man enjoyed it more. "Kings may be great, but Nash was glorious." It is true that the Brunswick family were on the throne of England, but Nash was autocrat of Bath. The moment the Londoner entered the City of the Fountains, he felt himself under another sovereign. The politics and parties of the kingdom were unheard of within the new realm. Pleasure was the public principle. The magistrates of the city finding the advantages of Nash's administration, bowed down to him on all occasions. The populace knew no other master: the visitors submitted, without a murmur, to his control; and even the highest nobles, to whom Bath was becoming a delightful resource against the monotony of the court circle, would have sooner thought of overthrowing the Hanover succession, and, perhaps, accomplished it more easily, than shaking the master of the ceremonies on his throne.

Nash now rapidly exhibited a sense of his dignity. As monarchs have the crown jewels reset for their coronation, and Cæsar covered his baldness with laurels, Nash put on an immense white hat. Like Cæsar, he was still tender on the score of ambition, and said, that his reason for adopting this phenomenon, was "to prevent his hats being stolen;" but those who knew him and human nature better, justly said, that it was his "sign of supremacy." To this he soon added other evidences of his taste for distinction. He set up an equipage, of a description which, even in our age of extravagance, would appear extravagant—a chariot with six greys, laced lacqueys, French horns, and outriders. His dress was covered with embroidery, his periwig was of dimensions unseen before, his lace was the choicest Mechlin, —from tip to toe, he was "every inch a king."

We must now give a glance at the rise as well as at the progress of this monarch. Richard Nash was born in Swansea in 1674, the son of a gentleman, who, however, had a partnership in trade—a pursuit which, however since honored, was then disregarded by the hot blood of the gentry. His mother was niece to the gallant Colonel Payer, who was killed in defending Pembroke Castle against Cromwell and his rebels. Young Nash, whose early vivacity had given his family strong hopes of his success in life, after receiving the best education which their finances would allow, was sent to Jesus College, Oxford, as preparatory to being called to the bar. But the university is often a perilous experiment to a young and unsettled temper; and Nash exhibited his first independence, by falling in love before he was seventeen, and making an offer of marriage. But his tutor, discovering the design, interposed, and broke off this premature attempt to ruin himself and the unlucky person who was about to share his undoing. This affair sent him home; and to college he declared his determination to return no more. He then entered the army as an ensign. But soldiery, even in peace, was found too severe a restraint for his volatility, and, after incurring some debts, he reverted to his original intention of

following the law. Of all pursuits this might seem the least consistent with the tastes of a habitual rambler. But the barrister of a hundred years ago was made of a very different material from the laborious and secluded student of later jurisprudence. Lord Eldon, when once asked the best way to live by the bar, said—"That he knew of but one: to live like a hermit and work like a horse." But the templar of the past age was the wit, the man of pleasure, the haunter of theatres, the licensed critic on the drama, the privileged conversationist, the established authority in all matters of taste, pleasantries, and eccentricity. He lived too near the city to be altogether the man of fashion, and too far from the commercial world to be the man of business. But he hovered between both, and prided himself on combining the elegance of the one with the activity of the other. Of course, there were striking exceptions, and the great science of English law had its philosophers; but the characteristics of the Templar in society were an embroidered suit and a sword; a fluent tongue upon every topic of the day, a constant attendance at the pit of the playhouse, an invincible assurance, and the invaluable art of contriving to live without money. Nash found this kind of life the one exactly formed for him. Adroit, of easy manners, and a quick sense of his own interest, he was every where, and displayed a model of the Templar. His first maxim was, always to be well dressed. The pomp of our ancestors in the outer man was enormous; and fortunes were expended in the laced ruffles, the velvet coat, and the diamond brooch and buckles of a beau. Nash had a natural taste for dress, and took good care that his should be conspicuous; the payment of his unlucky tailors was, of course, postponed to a long futurity. But his appearance led him into high society, and his coat and waistcoat made him friends, where his virtues, if he had them, would probably have left him—"to eat his mutton cold." Even among Templars he was so much distinguished, that in the pageant which the Middle Temple exhibited to William the Third on his accession, according to the custom of the time, he was chosen to superintend the performance, and conducted it with such skill as to attract the notice of even the phlegmatic and solid-minded sovereign, who offered to knight him. On this occasion, however, Nash made perhaps the only false step which he ever made in courtiership. He rashly refused the offer, saying, "If your majesty is pleased to make me a knight, I wish it may be one of your poor knights of Windsor, and then I shall have a fortune at least able to support my title;" the "poor knights," (since called by a more becoming name, the "military knights,") having a pension from the crown, which then was considerable in those cheaper days. But the king took no notice of the request. Kings are not fond of refusals when they propose civilities, and Nash, by giddily rejecting the title, lost the pension which probably would have followed.

But in all his dissipation, there was an under current of good nature. On his leaving the Temple in debt, when his accounts were brought before the masters, they were struck with one item. "To making one man happy, £10." On asking its meaning, Nash replied, "that one day happening to hear a poor man say to his wife and large family that £10 would make him happy, he could not restrain himself from making the trial." He further said, that if the masters did not think proper to allow the charge, he would refund the money. The masters, however, were so much pleased, that they thanked him for his benevolence, and desired that double the sum might be given in their name.

The age was one of frolic, sometimes extravagant, sometimes dangerous, but which in none of its shapes would now be endured. Nash, gaming at York, once lost every shilling he was worth. He was offered fifty guineas to try his fortune again, on condition of standing naked in a blanket at the great door of the Minister as the congregation were coming out. He adopted the condition at once; and at the appointed time appeared in his blanket. The Dean recognized him. "What!" he exclaimed, "Mr. Nash in masquerade?" "Only a Yorkshire penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad company," said Nash, pointing to his companions.

He once won a wager, by riding naked through a village on a cow. This Tom of Coventry exhibition, which was then looked on as a proof of spirit, would now consign the

hero to the hands of the police; but the man who deals in affairs of this order, may often incur rougher treatment. He was invited by some naval officers to a dinner on board their ship; he being left in ignorance that the vessel was under sailing orders for the Mediterranean, he allowed himself to indulge in wine until he was carried to his bed. When he awoke, he found himself at sea. He had no resource but to make the voyage; during which the ship fought an engagement, and Nash saw one of his friends killed by his side, himself receiving a bullet, as he averred, in the leg.

But Nash had now become a wiser if not a graver man and his success at Bath seemed to promise him a secure fortune. The histories of popular favorites would often be valuable, if it were merely for their experience. Nash had one vice, which ultimately obscured all his prospects. The spirit of gaming which had led him into his early embarrassments, and which his poverty had partially checked, returned in his prosperity with new force. Still, without desiring to excuse this fatal propensity in a man of generous but irresolute mind, all the excuse may be offered in his instance, which is to be found in high example and universal custom. Dangerous as gaming continues, it was then utterly destructive. Every man of fashion and fortune habitually played; and thousands, who had neither, adopted play as a regular pursuit. The laws, which its enormity from time to time had stimulated a reluctant legislature to enact, were either dead by disuse, or openly defied. Nash, whose finances had been rapidly exhausted by his new style of living, reinforced them by the gaming tables, and, in the beginning, won large sums. But his characters as a guardian of public decorum and as a gamester, naturally came into strange collision. There were frequent instances when his better part predominated, and he interfered to save the thoughtless from utter ruin. One was well known:—

A fellow of Oxford, a young man, had been so smitten with a love of gaming, that he threw up his fellowship and came to Bath, determined to make his fortune at once or be ruined. He had the usual fate of soon winning a sum sufficient to give him a provision for life; but he persevered, and with the still more unusual fate of continuing his luck, until, before the winter, he had added four thousand pounds to his former capital. Nash, who had lost some money to him, one night invited him to supper. As they sat together over their wine, he said, "Perhaps, sir, you may imagine that I have invited you in order to take my revenge; but I had no such intent. I have asked you here in order to give you some advice, of which, pardon me for saying, I think you are likely to stand in need. You are now drawn away by a torrent of success; but a time *will* come when you will regret having left the quiet of a college life for the uncertain profession of a gamester. Runs of ill-luck will come, as sure as day and night succeed each other. Take my advice—be content with what you have got; for I can tell you, that had you the Bank of England it would finally slip through your fingers. I have not the honor of being acquainted with you; but, to convince you that I wish you well, I shall now give you sixty guineas, to receive twenty every time you lose two hundred at one sitting." The young gentleman thanked him, but refused the offer. The prophecy was true; he was finally undone.

Shortly after, a circumstance occurred, equally characteristic, though more productive to Nash's finances. A noble duke who played high, once, under the immediate remorse of having lost a very considerable sum, begged of Nash to tie him up for the future by a penalty. Nash accordingly gave him a hundred guineas, to receive ten thousand whenever the noble Lord lost ten thousand pounds at one sitting. But the Duke's passion was inveterate. Soon after, having lost at hazard eight thousand guineas, and being on the point of throwing for three thousand more, Nash, who was present at this dissipated scene, seized the dice-box, and generously entreated him to think of what he was doing, and remember the penalty. The remonstrance had the effect for the time; and on that night the duke played no more. But when was a gamester ever reclaimed? The madness of play was so strong upon him, that he soon after lost an immense sum at New-market, and paid the penalty.

An incident subsequently occurred, which was more like a scene in a drama than a thing of real life. A young member of the peerage, madly fond of play, had come to gratify his passion in Bath, when he began to lose rapidly. Nash, pitying his insanity, determined to give him a practical lesson. Knowing his own superior skill, he engaged the young peer to play against him for a large sum. His lordship lost; he staked again a still larger sum; this, too, he lost, and losing his temper with it, he plunged headlong into ruin. Determined to throw every thing away, he lost his estate, and sending for some of the writings, he deposited them in Nash's hands. He had now nothing that he could lose but his carriages and horses. These, too, he lost. He now sat in the despair of one who felt himself helpless and utterly undone. After Nash had suffered him to undergo this salutary torment for a while, he said to him, "You have now ruined yourself. I am master of every guinea you are worth in the world. A single night has done this. Now, listen to my proposal.—It was not my intention to ruin you. But if I did not, I well know that there are others who would. There, take your title-deeds again. I forgive you your whole debt to me; requiring only that you shall look upon yourself as owing me five thousand pounds, whenever I may call for such a sum." The peer, surprised at this sudden and generous restoration, gladly accepted the condition. But the penalty was never demanded during his lifetime. Subsequently to his disease, Nash, falling into embarrassments, applied for the money to his heir. The debt was acknowledged, and was honorably paid without hesitation.

But the mischief of gaming at length began to attract the notice of Parliament. The law awoke from its long slumber; and by the 12th of George II, severe penalties were enacted against all "games of chance." Pharo, basset, and hazard were chiefly marked. The act declared all such "games and lotteries to be illegal, laying a fine of £200 on all settlers up of the banks," &c. Every player also was to forfeit £50.

The contest now lay between the sagacity of the law and the dexterity of the sharper. Other games were quickly invented, beyond the limits of the statute; and a new game, called Passages, exhibited its popularity in the ruin of thousands. The law attempted to meet this evasion, by declaring every game played with one die, or more, or other means of the same nature, having numbers of it, as well as the players, should come within the penalty. Other evasions tried the skill of the legislature again. A succession of games, with barbarous and absurd names, were invented, "roly-poly," "Marlborough's battles," &c. But the popular favorite now was E. O., a game which must have pleased the banks, as their profits were two and a half per cent. on all that was lost and won. As the E. O. tables were not yet illegal, they were soon to be found everywhere; and a new influx of gamesters hurried to Bath, where Nash had, unfortunately for his reputation, made himself a partner in one of those firms. Fidelity among such connexions is impossible, and Nash said that, within three years, he found that he had been cheated to the amount of £20,000.

The law was at length forced to strike at the root; and, by the Act of 1745, it was declared that none should open a house or room for play, under pain of forfeiture; and, by an amendment of the Act of Anne for recovering money lost at play, it was declared that *no* person should be incompetent to be a witness—that all present at a gaming-table might be summoned by the magistrate before whom the affair was brought; and all players who lost ten pounds at a time were made indictable within six months, and, on conviction, were fineable five times the amount of their losses or winnings.—Still, gaming was incorrigible. Laws may punish offenders, but seldom amend them. Higher motives than fear, and more steady principles than penalty, must heal the wounds of morals. The legislature only threw gaming into more desperate hands; and while the ruin continued still more extensively, the sense of character, which had restrained the darker atrocities of the gaming-table gradually died away.

But another singular and ridiculous distinction existed between the ages of our ancestors and the present. Love was a *business*. Every man above the lower orders was a declared adorer of the sex. But the style of the passion had its changes. The lover of the latter part of the seventeenth century affected the gravity of the Spaniard—knelt at the lady's

feet, made costly presents, wooed her with sonnets, declared her a goddess, and longed only to die for her smile. The lover of the beginning of the eighteenth century was the French lover. He wrote epigrams, wore embroidered clothes, relied for captivation on the newest fashion from Paris, a ten-guinea clouded cane, and a fifty-guinea snuff-box. The lover of the reign of George II. had altered all this proceeding; and, though professing the most determined devotion to the fair, acted on the extraordinary system of winning their hearts by a contempt for their persons. *Nonchalance* was the principle in those days, as apathy is in ours. The beau of a hundred years ago, and the exquisite of 1840, differed in nothing, except that the former professed to love the ladies, and the latter professes to love nothing but himself. But the beau was the reverse of insensible to either beauty, elegance, or wit. The exquisite is essential vapid. The beau had his animation, his anecdote, and the perpetual diamond snuff-box glittering in his hand, to fill up the pauses of the dialogue. The exquisite is a melancholy object, sliding through life with no more purpose than an automaton—living on the smallest conceivable expenditure of human understanding, and carried in and out of society, with no more volition of his own than the plaster figures on the heads of the Italian hawkers, and with not a much more substantial resemblance of humanity.

Fortune-hunting at length became one of the established professions of Bath, and Nash, in his character of general guardian, found himself obliged to keep a vigilant eye on the more romantic of his subjects. He generally had good information, and astonished the parties by *coups de theatre*.

One evening at the rooms, he sternly walked up to an old lady and her daughter, and abruptly told her that "it would be wiser for her to be at home." The lady, a woman of fortune, was at first inclined to be indignant at this style of address. But as Nash was uncontrolled monarch there, she could only turn away with evident signs of surprise and vexation. But on his following her, and repeating the words, she began to think that there was some meaning in them beyond gratuitous offence. She accordingly retired, and went home. There, to her astonishment, she found her eldest daughter, who had stayed away from the ball on some excuse, ready dressed for an elopement, and a notorious sharper in waiting, and a postchaise, to carry her off at the moment. Nash's information had acquainted him with the plot, and he had mystified the company by taking this dramatic mode of showing his knowledge of all the machine of Bath society.

Another of those incidents was more romantic still. After the peace of Utrecht, a number of the military flocked to Bath to enjoy the amusements, which had now become celebrated throughout Europe. Among the rest was a young lieutenant colonel, a handsome and lively personage, but with nothing beyond his commission. The gay colonel was a universal favorite; but the gaming-table, and the expensive style of his living, soon compelled him to sell an annuity, the wreck of his fortune, and he was on the point of ruin. In this extremity, however, whether from taste or speculation, he fell desperately in love with a young lady, an only daughter, and the probable heiress of a very large property. The colonel's graces were irresistible, and the lady gave him her heart without delay. They would have eloped; and in the wrath of the lady's father would have probably been left without a shilling, had not Nash fortunately interfered. He informed the father of the circumstance; the lady was instantly hurried home; and the old gentleman, thanking Nash for this important service, offered him a considerable present, which, however, was honorably declined.

The colonel, furious at the double disappointment, now attacked Nash, who, not making any secret of what he had done as a matter of duty, was challenged to fight with swords. But this folly the master of the ceremonies felt that it was also his duty to decline, as a guardian of public order; and the wearing of swords being then strictly prohibited in Bath, the officer was forced to postpone his revenge until they should meet in London.

But, in the mean time, his debts would admit of no delay, and his creditors were on the point of seizing him, when he suddenly escaped from Bath, and, having no other resource, went to the continent, and joined the Dutch army in Flanders as a volunteer. There the unlucky spendthrift felt all

the sufferings which the fatigues of a common soldier's life could inflict, without the comforts even of his pay; he was wholly lost sight of, and the general opinion of him was, that he had fallen in an engagement. The lady's father, within the next two years, died, and she became possessed of his property. An idea of a curiously chivalric nature now suggested itself to Nash. As he had never seen any evidence of the colonel's death, he applied himself to ascertain his fate, and with so much diligence, that he at length discovered this son of adventure "fretting his hour upon the stage" in a company of strollers at Peterborough.

Before the lady's acquaintance with the colonel, she had been solicited in marriage by a nobleman, whom she had rejected for her more agreeable admirer; but who on his ruin, had returned, renewed his addresses, and was, apparently, on the point of succeeding. Nash, thinking that as he had deprived the unlucky colonel of one opportunity, it was only justice to give him another, proposed to the lady (to whom the nobleman was now a constant attendant) that they should all go "to see the players at Peterborough;" taking them in his own equipage, which was one of the most showy in England.

The play happened to be *The Conscious Lovers*, a sufficiently sentimental one for the occasion; but the colonel's part was humiliated into "Tom." The lady was seated in the stage-box, with the peer on one side, and Nash, impatient to see the effect of recognition, on the other. At length Tom appeared; the lady, astonished and overwhelmed with the unexpected spectacle, felt all her passion revive, and fainted. The colonel, who had recognised her instantly, and was at first shocked at the idea of thus appearing before the woman whom he loved, now rushed off the stage, sprang into the box, and caught her in his arms!

As may be presumed, the nobleman, furnished with such unequivocal proof of the lady's feelings, withdrew his suit immediately; and the lovers were married.

"Colonel," said Nash, in explaining his conduct, "you once thought me your enemy, because I endeavored to prevent you from ruining each other. You were then wrong; but you have long since had my forgiveness. If you love each other well enough now for matrimony, you fairly have my consent; and confound him, say I, who attempts to part you."

The marriage turned out as happy as it was opulent; and Nash afterwards spent many agreeable days in their society.

Goldsmith, in that most humorous and touching work of his age, the "Vicar of Wakefield," has exactly described this stage scene, where the Vicar's son George is recognised by the woman of his heart among the strollers. The idea was probably suggested by the colonel's adventure.

Another event of a more unhappy nature, produced a deep impression at Bath. A young lady, of good family, of large fortune, and of remarkable beauty, visited the city, and naturally attracted remarkable attention. Several proposals of marriage were soon made to her; but she loved only the privileges of "single blessedness," refused all her offers, and determined to enjoy the delights of the accomplished and elegant society of the place in their highest indulgence. If this was an error, it may be forgiven to a beautiful, witty, and elegant creature in the very bloom of life, for she was but nineteen!

However, she was not to escape the natural result of living in a perpetual blaze of admiration; and she at length fell in love. Nothing could be more unfortunate than her choice, for her lover was a man of dissipation, utterly ruined, unable to restrain himself in any pursuit of pleasure, a gamester and a rake; and though a man of original taste and talent, high-bred and accomplished, yet, from his habits of excess in every folly of fashionable life, inevitably destined to die in a jail.

It was supposed that in his distresses he had been relieved by this beautiful creature. But his creditors at length losing patience, he was thrown into prison in London. She then took the fatal resolution of discharging his debts, which amounted to nearly her whole fortune.

Nash, on becoming acquainted with her intention, immediately employed every argument in his power to save her from this step to being undone. He represented the fatal uselessness of taking a habitual spendthrift out of prison, the hopelessness of reclaiming the vices of a whole life, and, in addi-

tion, the hazard of reputation which must be incurred by this extraordinary interference on the part of any female. But love is madness while it lasts, and remorse when it is gone. The debts were discharged, the lover was let loose to the gaming table, and the lady was left with no other course than to return to Bath, and live on the fragment of her income.

She soon found a difference in the reception given to the opulent and to the reduced; but to live in public was now second nature to her; and to enable her to live in public, she was induced to enter into some obscure arrangement with a dexterous but vulgar woman, who kept a house for play. But the general slights which followed sank into her soul. Her character was wholly untouched, even by the voice of scandal; but she grew melancholy, and finally leaving this painful connexion, began to think of suicide. She now became a governess in a gentleman's family, where, though well treated, she sank into still deeper dejection. At length, on the day fixed for the return of the family from London to Bath, where she had been left, she resolved to put an end to all her anxieties, by the most irrevocable of all crimes.

On this day, having set the house in peculiar order, she wrote, on a pane of the dining-room window, the well-known lines, beginning with—

"Oh, death, thou pleasing end of human woe!"

When the children had been put to bed, and the house was quiet, she dressed herself all in white like a bride, and with a strange affectation of her former finery, even in those melancholy hours, prepared a scarf of pink silk, lengthened by one of gold thread, as the instrument of self-destruction. She then, apparently, sat down to read, for she left a volume of Ariosto open at the page where Olympia, stung by the ingratitude of her bosom friend, is thrown into despair. She then tied the fatal knot; but her weight broke it, and she fell to the ground. The noise of her fall was heard by some of the servants; but they, imagining it to be merely a passing sound, made no enquiry at the time. She had still the unhappy firmness to renew the attempt, and next day was found suspended, and cold! The long-continued dejection of her mind in some degree authorized the verdict of the coroner's inquest, who brought it in lunacy. Her death produced a remarkable sensation in Bath; great regret was expressed that the nature of her distresses had not been known before; and every little trinket which belonged to her was purchased at a large price, as a memorial of so lovely and so unhappy a child of the world.

Another feature of the age was the ridiculous habit of boasting of gallantry. The "*homme aux bonnes fortunes*," the pretender to universal conquest over the fair, was originally French, and, like every other French foolery, had been introduced by the courtiers of Charles II. That wretched and thoroughly contemptible king left a long legacy of disgrace to English manners. Men of fashion copying his scandalous example, were proud of publishing their shame, and the shame of the unfortunate objects of their intrigues; and even when the actual guilt gradually ceased to be reckoned an essential to high life, the coxcombry of the day made its presumed influence with the ladies a constant theme; of course, ninety-nine boastings out of a hundred were absolute falsehoods, and the boasters were often taken to task with equal justice and severity. But the incident which we are about to mention, was of a lighter kind. Nash and a friend, walking on the "pantiles" at Tonbridge, met a young fop of fortune, who joined them. On asking him how long he had been at the wells, and what company was there, the fop replied, that though he had been in the town a month, he had seen no better company than he might have found at a Tyburn ball.

When his auditors had been thus sufficiently convinced of his fashion, his next specimen was of his gallantry, "Look there," said he, pointing to a lady, passing at a distance, "see that goddess of midnight—I might have run away with her round the world at any time this last fortnight; and see that other one," pointing to another advancing towards the group, "showy as she is, it is not a week since she offered me herself and her fortune." Nash's friend, who had exhibited much impatience during the dialogue, now burst forth into rage—"Sir," he exclaimed, "I know these two ladies intimately. As to the former, she may have offered to run away with you, for any thing that I can prove to the contrary;

but I shall ask her; for *she is my sister*." The boaster now began to make apologies, and said that he meant the other lady. "No, sir," was the indignant exclamation, "there I know you are a lying rascal, for that lady came into Tonbridge only last night, and *she is my wife*." The gentleman was proceeding to cane the puppy, when Nash interposed and saved his shoulders; but it was on the condition that he took his departure from the town without delay.

Nash's nature was remarkably generous, and he gave away large sums from the impulse of the moment; even gaming had not the power to render him selfish. One day, as he was playing at picquet for a stake of £200, he heard a voice behind him, in a whispering conversation, saying, "Heavens! how happy would that money make me." Nash turned round, recognized the whisperer as a gentleman of broken fortune; and winning the money put the whole sum into his hand, adding, "Go home now, and be happy!"

His public influence enabling him to take a leading part in all matters of public benefaction, he had the merit (in conjunction with Dr. Oliver) of establishing the first hospital on a large scale in Bath. As the only fund was voluntary subscription, his skill in human nature was constantly employed in appealing to the purses of his visitors. Once as he was walking round the rooms, with his hat in his hand, soliciting subscriptions, a duchess entered, more memorable for any thing than her charity. Finding that he put himself expressly in her way, and being unable to pass him unobserved, she gave him a pat with her fan, saying, "You must put down a trifle for me, Mr. Nash, for I have no money in my purse." "With pleasure, madam," was his reply, "if your Grace will tell me when to stop." And taking a handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to count them into his hat—"One two, three, four, five"—"Hold, hold, sir," cried the duchess, "consider what you are about"—"Consider your rank and fortune, madam," said Nash, and continued dropping in the guineas—"six, seven, eight, nine, ten." The duchess now grew angry, and called again to him to stop—"Pray, compose yourself, madam," said Nash respectfully, "and don't interrupt the work of charity—eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen"—Here her Grace actually seized his hand—"Be calm, madam," said Nash, going on with his performance, "your name will be written in letters of gold, and on the front of the building, madam,—sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty." "I sha'n't pay a farthing more," exclaimed the Duchess—"Charity hides a multitude of sins," replied Nash—"twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five." The lady now seemed to be exhausted with vexation, and about to faint, exclaiming—"Nash, I protest you frighten me out of my wits, I shall die!" "Madame," said the inepturtable Nash, "you will never die with doing good. And if you do, you will be the better for it." He was about to proceed, when, perceiving her real perturbation, he stopped, and compromised for thirty guineas.

It is due to the liberality of the lady to state, that having sat down to cards, and won some money, she called Nash over to her, and saying, that to show "she made friends with him, though he was such a fool, she gave him ten guineas more for his charity," insisting however, that neither her name nor her donation should be mentioned.

Bath was now in its glory; princes came to its waters, and Nash acknowledged the compliment with regal liberality.—On the convalescence of the Prince of Orange, after trying the wonder-working Spring, Nash signalized the event by an obelisk thirty feet high. In 1738, four years after, the Prince of Wales' visit was signalized by a similar memorial, but of double the height perhaps, in proof of double reverence; and to make the monument complete, Nash applied to Pope for an inscription. The Poet's letter is sufficiently discontented.

"Sir,—I have received yours, and thank your partiality in my favor. You say words cannot express the gratitude you feel for the favor of his Royal Highness, and yet you would have me express what you feel, and in a few words. I own myself unequal to the task; for, even granting it possible to express an inexpressible idea, I am the worst person you could have pitched upon for this purpose, who have received so few favors from the great myself, that I am utterly unacquainted with what kind of thanks they like best. Whether the P—— most loves poetry or prose, I protest I do not know; but this I dare venture to affirm, that you can give

him as much satisfaction in either as I can. I am, sir, your most affectionate servant,
A. POPE."

However, on a second application, he was prevailed on to make the experiment; but the inscription was in prose, and sufficiently commonplace:

In memory of honors bestowed,
And in gratitude for benefits conferred, on this city,
By His Royal Highness,
FREDERICK, Prince of Wales,
And his Royal Consort,
In the year 1738,
This Obelisk is erected by
RICHARD NASH, Esq.

Every thing in Nash's career was either trifling or odd, and sometimes both. At this time he became suddenly rich in snuff-boxes. The Prince of Orange, in return for his attentions, had given him a snuff-box set with jewels. The Prince of Wales gave him a large gold enamelled snuff-box. Some of the higher nobility followed the example of the princes.—The fashion was followed, until it became the general mode of returning his civilities. He was said at one time to have had snuff-boxes enough to supply a small warehouse.

But his honors had not yet reached their height. His picture was painted at full length, by order of the corporation, and placed in the ball-room, with the bust of Newton on one side and Pope on the other. This instance of corporate zeal, however, was too open to ridicule to escape; and the witty Lord Chesterfield expressed the feeling of the public with equal pleasantry and pungency:—

"Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find;
Nor Pope himself e'er penned a joke
Severer on mankind."

"The picture placed these busts between
Gives satire all its strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length."

Yet these sarcasms did not prevent the painting of another portrait for another ball-room, and even the erection of his statue in the pump-room. But Nash was one of the last who could deserve the name of fool. His business might be folly; but he pursued it with a sagacity which placed him at the head of his profession, unrivalled and alone. It would, of course, be absurd to speak of such qualities as entitling any man to fame; but their results were unquestionably important, in giving employment to the inhabitants of a rising city—in making the pleasures of a large population consistent with general order; in contributing to polish the native virtues of the English character, by the graces, without the grosser corruptions, of continental life; and in attaching Englishmen to their own country, by harmlessly providing at home those social indulgences which so many of them were in the habit of seeking abroad, with equal injury to their fortunes, their morals, and their patriotism. We are strongly inclined to think, that if another Nash could now be found, he would be as valuable a discovery as any that the age is likely to make; and that whoever shall, like him, invent a new means of giving the public a taste for pleasure at once rational and general; of teaching them the importance of discipline even in their relaxations; of making even pleasure conducive to health—and, by providing us in our own country with all that the Continent can offer, giving the English gentleman a new reason for honoring his own country as it deserves, would much more deserve to be honored than laughed at, and to be regarded as a benefactor than a mere manager of ball-rooms. Public amusements have declined in England, and the consequence is, that our nobility fly to Paris, the German Spas, and Naples. The expenditure of these absentees is probably not less than ten millions of pounds sterling a-year. The little French towns are filled with the humbler ranks of our countrymen, some for cheapness of living, some for the easier means of education, but many for mere want of ingenious amusement at home. Boulogne is an English colony, Dieppe is living on English money, and half the villages accessible by a steamboat, are growing from groups of huts into towns. All this tide of wealth might be turned into the bosom of our own country, by the adoption of the same principles in which Bath rose from the village which Nash found it, into the beautiful city which it is at this day.

There must of course, be some modifications of their practice, suitable to the change of time; but there can be no charm in the dirt, the discomfort, and the meanness of foreign life—no gratification in the insolence, the frauds, and the perpetual antipathy of foreigners to our name—and no gain to either parents or children in the examples of heartless dissipation, open impurity, and ostentatious irreligion, altogether sufficient to make the Englishman and his family fly from France, if they could obtain their objects with equal advantage in England.

Slight as all subjects connected with amusement may seem, the topic becomes a serious one when the results are the demoralization of public morals, and the wants of millions of national money. The question is, can the former orderly arrangements be revived. It is altogether our opinion *that they could*. They are now decaying in every quarter; in our watering places they have sunk into almost total neglect; a miserable circulating library, chiefly frequented as a morning lounge for the readers of the newspapers, is generally the entire provision for the public. In some of those places a theatre exists; but its attendance is meagre, and, by consequence, its performances are periodically and miserable. An occasional concert by some struggling and straggling troop of musicians, feebly varies the monotony; and in general, even the ball-rooms scarcely pay the expenses of the lights and orchestra. Yet the public have the same tastes, for rational indulgences at least, which they had a hundred years ago, and the complaint is universal of the intolerable dullness of every thing where they came expressly to enjoy their hours of leisure.

The reasons of this decay are twofold—want of management, and want of money in the hands of the manager.

One of Nash's first regulations was, that every head of a family, and, in general, every person coming to Bath for the season, should regard it as a matter of obligation to *subscribe* to all the amusements which he had established. It was distinctly understood that those who were not prepared to pay their contribution had no business to be there. They might look for pleasure any where else, but to Bath they had no right to come, while they chose to shrink from giving their share of the only means by which Bath could be made the resort of the fashionable and pleasant world. All this was perfectly fair; and all this was so perfectly understood, that the whole round of the public amusements was amply sustained by the public subscription. No fashionable beggar, no crafty bargainer for amusement at the expense of others, no pitiful pretender to good society, was suffered to have the advantages of this animated and delightful place, by paying a few shillings for his personal admission to the concert, or the ball, and then making his beggarly escape. The season must not be left to depend upon these shabbinesses; and those who attempted to practise them were instantly shamed.

But this could not be effected without authority, and here was shown the value of effective management. Nash was a dictator, from whose power no appeal was suffered. His character and personal influence gave him a power of decision, which none, whether inhabitant or visitor, could venture to resist. "Master of the ceremonies," in fact, conveys an imperfect conception of his real uses and powers. He was general manager of establishments on which depended the prosperity of a rising city, the legitimate pleasures of the whole nobility and gentry of England, and no small part of the grace and civilization of the empire. The modern error lies in forgetting the true nature of his office, and choosing some individual, merely of obliging manners and respectable conduct, some half-pay officer, or private gentleman, who makes an interest among the subscribers for the season. The consequence is, that he has virtually no authority at all, and that his actual employment degenerates into leaving his card at the door of every new arrival, and handing up partners to young ladies at balls; his personal income being derived from ball tickets, like a dancing-master, or from a subscription book at the libraries, like "a widow with twenty children," or a pauper on her way to her parish.

The master of the ceremonies ought to be, on the contrary, the gentleman of the highest rank and fortune in the town or its neighborhood. Of course, not condescending either to go through the mere routine of ball-rooms, which might be perfectly well intrusted to his subordinates, nor stooping to the

uncomfortable emoluments to be derived from the pockets of the visitors; but by his acknowledged authority enforcing regulations which in the hands of inferiors must be laughed at and evaded, and demanding general obedience, as evidently having no other object in view than the general gratification of the community. We have no doubt that, on such conditions, there are few even of the highest nobility who would decline the office of thus directing, protecting, and refining the public pleasures. We see them coming forward in the most troublesome and responsible situations of country life; magistrates, grand jurors, lieutenants, parliamentary representatives, presidents of county meetings; and they have only to see their way in this new, and we will say important occupation, to adopt it with the same activity and the same effect. Let the experiment but be fairly made in any one watering-place, and we have no doubt that the change would be found beneficial. We by no means desire to see an earl or a duke performing the punctilios of a quadrille party, or doing any other thing which can have the appearance of trifling. He can easily appoint those who are fit for such purposes. But let him be the general authority to be appealed to; the director, though he may not be present at either ball or concert, and we shall soon see the watering-place relieved from its monotony. Every one should be informed that they should subscribe to the established amusements—private parties should be prohibited, as injurious to the purposes of the place. Women of rank should be made directors of the various concerts and balls, &c., and the magistrates and principal inhabitants, as in Bath of old time, feeling their natural interest in the prosperity of the town, should be consulted to give their aid in sustaining the regulations. From those arrangements, still more interesting advantages might naturally grow. Schools of the highest order, and on the most extensive scale, might be formed under the superintendence of the nobility themselves, giving a more complete, more moral, and more accomplished education, than they can ever obtain in foreign countries. The personal inspection of the heads of families would give a security for their conduct and a stimulus to their progress; and from this obvious and easy scheme might arise a vast and most valuable improvement in the rising generation.

Nash's career at length drew to its close. In enumerating his merits, we have observed how fatally they were counteracted by gaming; a vice which, though adopted originally as a matter of revenue in his days of poverty, and afterwards retained as an evidence of fashion, produced its natural effect on him, as on all others, in humiliating his character, and finally overthrowing his prosperity. He gradually grew peevish, and exercised his petulance until he became unpopular. Contemptuous expressions were used to him, which he was obliged to bear.

He was one day complaining to the celebrated Lord Chesterfield of his ill luck. "Would you think it, my Lord," said he, "that bad fortune last night tricked me out of £500?" "Why, Nash," said his Lordship, with less amenity than was his custom, "I don't wonder at your losing money: but all the world is surprised *where you get it to lose*."

Dr. Clarke, the metaphysician, was one day conversing with Locke and some other friends in the pump-room, and laughing on some subject of the day. Nash's chariot happened to draw up to the door. "Boys, boys," cried the philosopher, "let us now be grave, for here is a fool coming." The sarcasm, of course, speedily reached his ear as it ran the round of Bath; but it was endured in silence—no doubt a painful silence.

We feel a natural reluctance in mentioning the vexations which began to cloud his old age. Attempts were made to drive him from his office. Anonymous letters were written to the nobility by mean pretenders to the mastership of the ceremonies.

The sectarian enthusiasm, which then began to rave round England, could not pass by a subject for invective, at once so prominent and so helpless; and these are some specimens of the language in which it administered advice to a man of eighty-six years:—

"You are as odious to God as a corrupt carcass that lies putrifying in the churchyard.

"You are as far from endeavoring after salvation, or

restoring yourself to the divine favor, as a heap of dry bones nailed up in a coffin.

"Think upon this, if you have any inclination to escape the fire that will never be quenched. Would you be rescued from the fury and fierce anger of God? Would you be delivered from weeping, and wailing, and incessant gnashing of teeth?"

"If you do not remedy in some degree the evils that you have sent abroad, wretched will you be, above all men, to eternity. God's jealousy, like a consuming flame, will smoke against you, as you yourself will see, in that day when the mountains shall quake, and the hills shall melt, and the earth be burnt up at his presence."

It was in this tender language that the new religionists of the time, abandoning at once the name and the spirit of the Church of England, attempted to effect what they foolishly called a revival of Christianity in the land. Such language might excite revenge, though it could never give birth to repentance. It was folly entering on a crusade against folly; ignorance of scripture pretending to enlighten ignorance of the world; the passion of proselytism, with equal vanity and equal presumption, assailing the passion for pleasure. Can we wonder that it failed of conviction; that where its terrors influenced one mind, its extravagance shook the belief of thousands; and that, after making some mad, and many infidel, the blaze of enthusiasm sank down like a fire fed only by thorns, and is now traceable on the surface of the soil by little more than its ashes? At length the final hour came to Nash, as it comes to all, and after a year of increasing debility, he died at his house in St. John's Court, Bath, on the 12th of February 1761, aged 87 years.

The corporation of Bath exhibited their feeling of his public services by a funeral at their expense. His remains were conveyed to the Abbey church with all solemnity, the charity children leading the way, followed by the city music—clergymen preceding the coffin, and the pall supported by the senior aldermen—the masters of the assembly rooms and beadles of the Bath hospital following—the procession being closed by the still more expressive train of the multitudes of patients who had from time to time received the benefits of that noble institution. He left nothing behind him but a small library, and some trinkets and some snuff-boxes which had been given him by distinguished persons. His fortune was all gone; the necessities of his latter years had swallowed up his income, and among his chief resources was an allowance of ten guineas a month made to him by the corporation.

A great variety of "character" and "recollections" of him appeared in the public papers immediately upon his decease; some splenetic, but the majority marking the true lines of his conduct, and giving him credit for his actual services. A long epitaph by his old friend Dr. Oliver of Bath, detailed his merits with force, and yet admitted his errors with fidelity. A fragment of it says—

His dominion was not
Over the servility of the vulgar,
But over the pride of the opulent!
By the force of genius
He erected the City of Bath
Into a Province of Pleasure,
And became, by universal consent,
Its Legislator and Ruler.
He planned, improved, and regulated
All the amusements of the place.
His fundamental law was Good Breeding,
"HOLD SACRED DECENCY AND DECORUM!"
Was his constant maxim.
None, however exalted by beauty,
Blood, titles, or riches,
Could be guilty of a breach of it unpunished.
He kept the gentlemen in order,
By prohibiting the wearing of swords
He kept the ladies in good humor,
By ordaining scandal to be the mark
Of a foolish head and a malicious heart.
Thus establishing his government
On pillars of honor and politeness,
He maintained it for half a century
With reputation, honor, and undisputed authority.

An epitaph by Dr. King, in eloquent Latinity, thus closed his panegyric.

Talem virum, tautumque, ademptum
Lugeant Musæ, Charitesque:
Lugeant Veneres, Cupidinesque:

Lugeant omnes juvenum et nympharum Chori!
 Tu vero, O BATHONIA!
 Ne cesses tuum lugere
 Principem, perceptorem, amicum:
 Patronum,
 Heu, nunquam posthac
 Habitura parem!

NAPOLEON DEAD.

BY C. DONALD M'LEOD.

"All uncovered as the *De Profundis* was chanted, and the *enfans de chœur* waved their censers.

I.

Aye! bare each reverend head!
 Peal hymns, and censers wave!
 As ye raise the dust of the kingly dead,
 From his rocky island grave!

On the wings of the teeming past,
 As through my brain it flits,
 Come back the glow of the Moscow snow,
 And the sheen of Austerlitz.
 The haughty foot that stamped
 Amid Marengo's slain;
 And the lightning glance, when the charger's prance
 Shook Jena's wooded plain.
 Thou wert his dream, his hope,
 Oh! thou beloved France!
 When he bade his lines, 'neath the scented vines
 Of Italy, advance.
 Thy name was in his heart,
 When in Egyptia's land,
 His brow he bared, when the hot sun glared
 Above the burning sand.
 In peace—how toiled his heart,
 And ached his sleepless lid;
 Till thy proud land shone, the loftiest stone,
 Of Fame's proud pyramid.
 In battle, thoughts of thee
 His eagle eye enlarged;
 When the field rang out, with a thunder shout,
 As his steel-clad squadrons charged.
 Then bare each warrior head!
 Peal hymns, and censers wave!
 As ye raise the dust of the kingly dead,
 From his rocky island grave!

II.

Cover each warrior brow!
 Be hymn and incense fled!
 Why with this laggard mockery, now,
 Taunt ye the kingly dead?
 Left ye him not to rot,
 On yonder barren shore?
 And come ye, now that he is free,
 To break his prison door?
 His bones thou still should'st claim,
 Rock of the voiceful sea!
 Thou monument of England's shame,
 And Gallia's treachery!
 But a voice from thy shore did start!
 Pealed o'er the echoing deep;
 And rung, oh, France! into thy heart,
 To break its careless sleep.

Now with the black plumed bier,
 Now with the muffled drum;
 Now, with the regal-broidered pall,
 His ancient comrades come,
 To break the gloom of the dreamless tomb,
 And bear their leader home.

Then bare each warrior head!
 Peal hymns, and censers wave!
 As ye raise the dust of the kingly dead,
 From his rocky, island grave!

NAPOLEON.

"But where is he, the modern, mightier far,
 Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car;
 Yes! where is he, the champion and the child,
 Of all that's great or little, wise or wild?
 Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones;
 Whose table, earth—whose dice were human bones?
 Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,
 And, as thy nature urges, weep, or smile,
 Smile—for the fettered eagle breaks his chain,
 And higher worlds than this are his again.
 How must he smile, and turn to you lone grave
 The proudest sea-mark that o'ertops the wave!
 His name shall hallow the ignoble shore,
 A talisman to all save him who bore.
 The fleets that sweep before the eastern blast
 Shall hear their sea-boys hail it from the mast.
 Can glory's lust
 Touch the freed spirit of the fettered dust?
 Small care hath he, of what his tomb consists,
 Nought if he sleeps—nor more if he exists:
 He wants not this; but France shall feel the want
 Of this last consolation, though so scant;
 Her honor, fame, and faith demand his bones,
 To rear above a pyramid of thrones;
 Or carried onward, in the battle's van,
 To form, like Guesclin's* dust, her talisman.
 But be it as it is, the time may come,
 His name shall beat the alarm like Ziska's drum.†

THE EXHUMATION.

The above lines, from Byron, to which attention has been called by a correspondent of the Boston Courier, take almost the character of prophecy, from the exhumation of the remains of the Emperor, and their removal from "the ignoble shore." The details of the ceremony, and the appearance of the body, have been given in this paper, as they have reached us; but a few particulars more may not be uninteresting to any reader; and will deeply interest many. The coffin having been brought to the surface of the ground, and placed under a tent, prepared for it, with appropriate religious and other services, the outer wooden coffin was removed.

Within this was found a leaden coffin, and within that a coffin of wood. The commissioners appointed to superintend the exhumation, say in their report:

The upper part of the leaden coffin was then cut and raised with the greatest precaution; within it was found a coffin of wood, in very good state, and corresponding to the descriptions and recollections of the persons present who had assisted at the burial. The lid of the third coffin having been raised, there was found a lining of tin slightly oxydised, which having also been cut through and raised, allowed us to see a sheet of white satin; this sheet was raised with the greatest precaution by the hands of the doctor only, and the entire body of Napoleon appeared. The features had suffered so little as to be immediately recognised.

The following is an extract from the *process verbal*, drawn up by Dr. Guillard, surgeon mayor of the Belle Poule:

"Something white, which appeared to have become detached from the lining, covered, as if with a thin gauze, all that the coffin contained. The cranium and forehead, which adhered strongly to the satin, were particularly stained with it, but very little was seen on the lower part of the face, on the hands, or on the toes. The body of the Emperor was in an easy position, as when it was placed in the coffin, the upper members were laid at length, the left arm and hand resting on the left thigh, the lower limbs were slightly bent. The head a little raised, rested on a cushion. The voluminous skull, the high and broad forehead, presented themselves, covered with hard and yellow teguments closely adhering to them. Such appeared also the contour of the orbits, the upper edges of which were furnished with the eyebrows. Under the eyelids were still to be distinguished the ocular globes, which had lost very little of their volume or form. The eyelids were completely closed, adhered to the subjacent parts, and were hard under the pressure of the finger. Some eyelashes were to be seen on their edges. The bones of the nose, and the tegument which covered them, were well preserved, the tubes and nostrils alone had suffered. The cheeks were full. The teguments of this part of the face were remarkable for their softness to the touch and their whiteness. Those of the chin were slightly blue, a tint they had borrowed from the beard, which had grown after death. The chin itself had undergone no change, and still preserved the peculiar type of the face of Napoleon.

The thin lips were parted, and three of the incisive teeth, very white, appeared under the upper lip, which was a little raised toward the left. The hands were perfect, not having undergone the least change. Although the joints were stiff, the skin preserved that peculiar color which is only to be found in the living man. The nails of the fingers were long and adherent, and very white. The legs were in boots; but, in consequence of the opening of the seams, the last four toes were out on each side. The skin of these toes was of a dead white, and furnished with nails. The anterior region of the thorax was much depressed in the middle, and the sides of the belly hard and sunk. All the members covered by the clothing appeared to have preserved their shapes. I pressed the left arm, which I found to be hard and diminished in thickness.

As to the clothes they appeared with their colors, so that the uniform of the horse chasseurs of the old guard was to be recognized by the dark green of the coat and its bright red facings. The grand cordon of the legion of honor was across the waistcoat, and the white breeches were partly covered by the hat, which was placed on the thighs. The epaulettes, the star, and other decorations attached to the breast, had lost their brilliancy, and turned black. The gold crown of the cross of officer of the Legion of Honor had alone preserved its polish. Vases of silver appeared between the legs, one surmounted by an eagle, which rose above the knees; they were found entire, and closed. As there were adhesions between these vases and the parts they touched, I uncovered them a little, the King's commissioner not thinking it right that they should be removed for the purpose of a closer examination."

THE EMBARKATION.

After being steeped in creosote, the satin was replaced, the tin coffin re-soldered, the next wooden one secured, the next lead re-soldered. These were placed within another leaden one belonging to the sarcophagus, which was also soldered, and placed within the sarcophagus of ebony. This again was enclosed in oak. The sarcophagus was then placed upon a hearse, and the procession moved from the tomb to the vessel in the following order. The military, with their arms reversed lined the streets through which it passed, and minute guns were fired during the embarkation.

* A celebrated warrior, and Constable of France in the 14th century.

† Ziska was a General of Bohemia, and having gained many victories over the Emperor Sigismund, he was seized with the plague, and directed his skin to be tanned, after his death, and used as a drum head, to animate his soldiers in battle.

St Helena Militia.

Detachment of H. M. 91st Regiment.

Drums and fifes, militia, playing the Portuguese hymn.

L'Abbe Coquereau in full robes with a book, preceded by two boys (enfants de Choeur) carrying a crucifix and a censor.

The hearse drawn by four horses with drivers in deep mourning, containing the mortal remains of

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE,

(Escorted on each side by 8 or 10 Royal Artillerymen.

The Pall, borne by Lieut. General Comte Bertrand,

Lieutenant General Baron Cœurgand,

Monsr. Le Baron de Las Casas,

Monsr. Marchand.

St. Helena Militia with drag ropes.

Monsrs. St. Dennis, Archambault, Perron and Noverrez,

The Conte de Chabot, as chief mourner, attended by Captains Guyer and Chauser.

Monsieur Arthur Bertrand, followed by

Monsieur Coursot (a former servant of Napoleon)

Captain Doret and Dr. Guillard.

Civil, Naval, and Military authorities at St. Helena, according to rank.

The Reverend Mr. Helps (Military Chaplain.)

Inhabitants of the Island in mourning.

The Honorable Colonels Trelawney and Hodson.

His Honor the Chief Judge and Queen's Advocate.

Several gentleman and ladies (passengers in vessels then lying in the Roads.)

His Excellency the Governor and his Staff.

£300 were distributed among the poor of the Island, and £200 among the persons who assisted at the exhumation. Various presents, such as snuff boxes, medals, &c. were also distributed, and several relics from the grave were taken home by the Belle Poule. A correspondent of the Paris Messenger, who was present at the exhumation says :

When, by the hand of Dr. Guillard, the satin sheet was raised, an indescribable feeling of surprise and affection was expressed by the spectators, most of whom burst into tears. The Emperor himself was before their eyes. The features of his face, though changed, were perfectly recognised—the hands perfectly beautiful—his well-known costume had suffered but little, and the colors were easily distinguished—the epaulettes, the decorations, and the hat, seemed to be entirely preserved from decay—the attitude itself was full of ease, and but for the fragments of the satin lining, which covered as with a fine gauze several parts of the uniform, we might have believed we saw before us Napoleon still extended on a bed of state. General Bertrand and M. Marchand, who were present at the interment, quickly pointed out the different articles which each had deposited in the coffin, and in the precise position which they had previously described. It was even remarked that the left hand which General Bertrand had taken to kiss for the last time, before the coffin was closed up, still remained slightly raised. Between the legs, near the hat, were the two vases which contained the heart and entrails.

The honors paid to the remains of Napoleon on their arrival in France we have already noticed. A steamboat prepared to receive them, cannot come down the Seine, on account of the Bridges, but will wait at St. Denis, to receive the body, and convey it to Courbevoie. The following is a description of the funeral car, which will there receive the Sarcophagus:

The car which is to convey the remains of Napoleon from Courbevoie to the Invalides is finished. The effect of it may now be judged of, as well by its draperies and decorations, as by its form, which is much more gigantic than the car of the victims of July. It is 35 feet in height, 34 in length, and 15½ in width. It is upon four massive gilded wheels.

The car is composed of a basement, with panels between columns. The platform upon which the coffin is to be placed, is covered with a violet colored velvet, embroidered in gold, with bees, stars and eagles. The under carriages, both be-

fore and behind, are of a semicircular form, decorated with the four trophies of flags taken from different nations.

The bier has similar drapery to the pedestal, decorated with the imperial mantle, sceptre and crown, and is supported by fourteen figures representing the principal victories of the French. The base of the car is covered with garlands and crowns of immortelles.

Over the whole is an immense crape drapery, which hangs down to the ground. This prodigious hearse is to be drawn by sixteen horses, dressed with feathers, and housings embroidered in gold, with the arms of the Emperor.

The supporters will be three Marshals and an Admiral, all on horseback. An immense temporary wharf and a lofty temple are erecting at Courbevoie for the reception of the remains on their landing.

The officers of the National Guard of Paris have drawn lots for the Legion, which is to escort the funeral car of Napoleon from Courbevoie to the Invalides, and the honor has fallen on the 3d Legion.

The 10th will be stationed round the Invalides, and the rest will line the route of the *cortege*.

We have extended this notice much beyond our proper limits already; and regret, that a press of other matter prevented its earlier publication. What an unexpected moment of deep emotion must have been afforded by the brief moment that the coffin was open, to the old soldiers of Napoleon who were present! The awe and respect which a great man inspires, are as irrepressible as natural; and the affection of Napoleon's followers for him, it is well known verged upon idolatry. In their respect for his remains we think they will show nothing less. No pageantry paid to a living monarch could approach these services in imposing effect.

THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of the 25th of December, a great number of persons were already assembled at the door leading to the Church of the Invalides, which was not opened till 9. At last the doors were thrown open, and after rushing about through endless long passages, we found ourselves in the interior of the beautiful chapel of the Invalides. The effect was most striking. The whole of the nave carpeted in black, with seats arranged 'en amphitheatre' on each side filled with military, and up the side aisles, between the pillars were numerous rows of benches all occupied by a multitude in deep mourning. Between the pillars were hung black draperies embroidered with silver borders and deep silver fringe, a large lustre hung in the centre of each, whose many lights shone brilliantly in relief against the dark draperies. The pillars were ornamented with gilded trophies, the names of Napoleon's victories, Austerlitz, Wagram, &c., and on each side of the pillars were three large tri-colored flags.

The upper tribunes, containing thousands of people, were also hung with black, embroidered with silver border and golden emblems, and, surmounting each division in these tribunes, was a black medallion, surrounded with laurels, on which were inscribed in golden letters the principal acts of the Emperor's life, such as the peace of Amiens, and Luneville. Above these medallions, and extending all round the nave were immense numbers of flags taken from the enemy in different battles. From the door of entrance up to the rails of the choir were placed at short distances enormous candelabras, twelve or fourteen feet high from which issued brilliant colored flames.

The choir and dome, which form perhaps more than half the church, separated from the nave by a flight of steps, were hung with purple cloth from the ground to the summit, and brilliantly lighted by hundreds of lustres. In the centre of the choir, in front of the altar, was erected the splendid catafalque, a representation in gilded wood of the tomb that is to be erected in marble, supported by four pillars, and surmounted by a golden eagle with outspread wings. At 1 o'clock the cannon announced the departure of the King for the Tuilleries.

The king, and the royal family did not come up the nave, but went at once to the dome. His Majesty, wearing the uni-

form of the national guard, took his seat on the throne prepared for him, to the right of the altar. Near the king were the princes and his majesty's aides-de-camp. On the left of the altar was the archbishop of Paris, with the bishops assisting, and the clergy. In an enclosed seat near the king were the queen, the princesses, and the ladies in attendance.—Under the dome, around the catafalque, the ministers and marshals were stationed. In the left branch of the transept were the members of the Chamber of the Deputies, and on the right were the peers and members of the Council of State.

A little before three, two guns, in quick succession, and then 19 others, announced the arrival of the imperial coffin at the entrance of the Hotel. The archbishop immediately went with his clergy to receive it, and to sprinkle it with holy water. At three precisely, the orchestra began a solemn march, and the clergy re-entered the nave chanting, and moving slowly toward the dome. At this moment the excitement was intense—the music died away; there was a dead silence throughout the church, and immediately there was seen the imperial coffin covered with its velvet and embroidered pall, on which was the imperial crown veiled in crape, borne on the shoulders of the sailors, and some non-commissioned officers of the army, surrounded with a closely pressed throng of sailors, with the young prince behind, the pall bearers at the angles, and a crowd of officers following, which moved up the church at a very rapid rate.

The effect of this at its first coming into the nave, when every one testified their respect by a profound stillness, and all the troops presented arms, was one of the most imposing parts of the ceremony. Before the coffin had, however, reached the entrance of the dome, the solemn march was again renewed, and at length burst out into a glorious strain of triumph. Nothing could be finer.

The Prince de Joinville then presented the body to the King, saying—"Sire, I present to you the body of the Emperor Napoleon."

The King replied, raising his voice, "I receive it in the name of France."

General Athalin carried the sword of the Emperor upon a cushion, and gave it to Marshal Soult, who presented it to the king.

His Majesty then addressed General Bertrand, and said—"General, I charge you to place this glorious sword of the Emperor upon his coffin." This the General then did.

The avenue, leading from the quay to the Invalides, is immensely long and straight. Along its sides were alternately ranged candelabras and statues of distinguished warriors of France, from Charlemagne and Joan of Arc, down to Napoleon's Marshals. It was a good idea, thus to make those great warriors welcome the last and greatest; but it was a departure to place at the end, the statue of Napoleon in his imperial robes, to greet his own body. A *gamin* shouted, as the procession passed, "*Tiens! voila comme l'Emperur fait la queue a lui meme!*"

The cold was indeed bitter for those to whom tickets had been allotted for the tribunes that occupied each side of the avenue leading up to the esplanade of the Invalides from the quay to the great gate; but the crowd bore the biting frost with patience, for it was decidedly one of the very best positions for seeing the funeral procession pass.

The stands were already filled by 11 o'clock, and it was not until 2 o'clock that the procession reached the quay. Never was sight during this interval of three mortal hours less appropriate to the occasion than the spectacle we had before us. The intense cold rendered movement necessary for fear of being frozen to the spot, and to keep themselves warm the spectators in the stands began to dance. The mania gained the crowd below, and for a long time the troops of the line and the National Guards, were joining in one general *contre dance ronde a la main*. The day, before the procession reached us, had cleared up beautifully. A small quantity of snow had fallen, but the Heavens did more for the solemnity of the ceremony than man had done.

The day, as far as the season of the year would admit of, was a day such as proverbially graced Napoleon's fetes in his imperial splendor, and greeted him again as he received his last honors. We heard it called a Napoleonic day.

From the point of view of the esplanade of the Invalides the coup d'œil of the procession was magnificent. It was

perhaps the best situation for seeing it pass. The sight was really grand as the procession headed the funeral car along the vista leading to that splendid building at its termination. The funeral car we have said—but this epithet might have been left aside, for, splendid as was the machine that bore the Emperor's coffin, it was a triumphal car in truth, but had but few attributes of a funeral nature.

The funeral car, which conveyed Napoleon's remains, is stated to have cost 55,000fr.

After the sarcophagus of Napoleon was removed from the Funeral Car, on Tuesday, at the Invalides, one of the oldest pensioners, watching an opportunity, got possession of the violet cloth upon which it had lain, and was furtively carrying it off, when he was observed and stopped. As he vowed that his only idea was to preserve it as a relic, the officers contented themselves with demanding its restitution, which he was very reluctant to make. As they persisted, the veteran, under the feelings of the moment, took out his knife, and cutting off a fragment of the pall hurried away. This example was followed by all around, and in a few minutes the Commissary who held it had only a small remnant left in his hand, which, being himself an old soldier, he retained as a memento.

From the Knickerbocker for January.

THE NORSEMEN.

BY J. J. WHITTIER.

Some three or four years since, a fragment of a statue rudely chiseled from dark gray stone, was found in the town of Bradford, on the Merrimack. Its origin must be left entirely to conjecture. The fact that the ancient Northmen visited New England, some centuries before the discoveries of Columbus, is now very generally admitted.

Gift from the cold and silent Past!
A relic to the present cast;
Left on the ever-changing strand
Of shifting and unstable sand,
Which wastes beneath the steady chime
And beating of the waves of Time!
Who from its bed of primal rock
First wrenched thy dark, unshapely block?
Whose hand, of curious skill untaught,
Thy rude and savage outline wrought?

The waters of my native stream
Are glancing in the sun's warm beam:
From sail-urged keel and flashing oar
The circles widen to its shore;
And cultured field and steeped town
Slope to its willowed margin down.
Yet, while this morning breeze is bringing
The mellow sound of church bells ringing,
And rolling wheel, and rapid jar
Of the fire-winged and steedless ear,
And voices from the wayside near
Come quick and blended on my ear,
A spell is in this old gray stone—
My thoughts are with the Past alone!

A change!—the steeped town no more
Stretches along the sail-thronged shore;
Like palace-domes in sunset's cloud,
Fade sun-gilt spire and mansion proud!
Spectrally rising where they stood,
I see the old, primeval wood;
Dark, shadow-like, on either hand
I see its solemn waste expand:
It climbs the green and cultured hill,
It arches o'er the valley's rill;
And leans from cliff and crag, to throw
Its wild arms o'er the stream below.
Unchanged, alone, the same bright river
Flows on, as it will flow forever!
I listen, and I hear the low
Soft ripple where its waters go;
I hear behind the panther's cry,
The wild bird's scream goes thrilling by,

And shyly on the river's brink
The deer is stooping down to drink.

But hark!—from wood and rock flung back,
What sound comes up the Merrimack?
What sea-worn barks are those which throw
The light spray from each rushing prow?
Have they not in the North Sea's blast
Bowed to the waves the straining mast?
Their frozen sails the wintry sun
Of Thule's night has shone upon;
Flapped by the sea-bird's gusty sweep
Round icy drift, and headland steep.
Wild Jutland's wives and Lochlin's daughters,
Have watched them fading o'er the waters,
Lessening through diving mist and spray,
Like white-winged sea-birds on their way!

Onward they glide—and now I view
Their iron-armed and stalwart crew:
Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,
Turned to green earth and summer sky;
Each broad, seamed breast has cast aside
Its cumbering vest of shaggy hide;
Bared to the sun and soft warm air,
Streams back the Norsemen's yellow hair.
I see the gleam of axe and spear,
The sound of smitten shields I hear,
Keeping a harsh and fitting time
To Saga's chaunt, and Runic rhyme;
Such lays as Zetlands Scald has sung,
His gray and naked isles among;
Or muttered low at midnight's hour,
Round Odin's mossy stone of power.
The wolf beneath the Arctic moon
Has answered to that startling rune;
The Gaal has heard its stormy swell,
The light Frank knows its summons well;
Iona's sable-stoled Cuidee
Has heard its sounding o'er the sea,
And swept with hoary beard and hair
His altar's foot in trembling prayer!

'Tis past—the 'wilder vision dies
In darkness on my dreaming eyes!
The forest vanishes in air—
Hill-slope and vale lie starkly bare;
I hear the common tread of men,
And hum of work-day life again:
The mystic relic seems alone
A broken mass of common stone;
And if it be the chiseled limb
Of Berserker or idol grim—
A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,
Or Tyr, the restless god of War,
Or Praga of the Runic lay,
Or love-awakening Siona,
I know not—for no graven line,
Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign,
Is left me here, by which to trace
Its name, or origin, or place.

Yet, for this vision of the Past,
This glance upon its darkness cast,
My spirit bows in gratitude
Before the Giver of all good,
Who fashioned so the human mind,
That from the waste of Time behind,
A simple stone, or mound of earth,
Can summon the departed forth;
Quicken the Past to life again—
The Present lose in what hath been,
And in their primal freshness show
The buried forms of long ago.
As if a portion of that Thought
By which the Eternal will is wrought,
Whose impulse fills anew with breath
The frozen solitude of Death,

To mortal mind were sometimes lent,
To mortal musings sometimes sent,
To whisper—even when it seems
But Memory's phantasy of dreams—
Through the mind's waste of wo and sin,
Of an immortal origin!

GRUMBLING.—If it be no part of the English constitution, it is certainly part of the constitution of Englishmen, to grumble. They cannot help it, even if they tried ever so much. A true-born Englishman is born grumbling. He grumbles at the light, because it dazzles his eyes; and he grumbles at the darkness, because it takes away the light. He grumbles when he is hungry, because he wants to eat; he grumbles when he is full, because he can eat no more. He grumbles at the winter, because it is cold; he grumbles at the summer, because it is hot; and he grumbles at spring and autumn, because they are neither hot nor cold.

He grumbles at the past, because it is gone; he grumbles at the future, because it is not come; and grumbles at the present, because it is neither the past nor the future. He grumbles at law, because it restrains him; and he grumbles at liberty, because it does not restrain others. He grumbles at all the elements—fire, water, earth, and air. He grumbles at fire, because it is so dear; at water, because it is so foul; at the earth, in all its combinations of mud, dust, bricks, and sand; and at the air, in all its conditions of hot or cold, wet or dry. All the world seems as if it were made for nothing else than to plague Englishmen and set them grumbling.

The Englishman must grumble at nature for its rudeness, and at art for its innovation; at what is old, because he is tired of it; and at what is new, because he is not used to it. He grumbles at everything that is to be grumbled at, and when there is nothing to be grumbled at, he grumbles at that. Grumbling cleaves to him in all the departments of life; when he is well he grumbles at the cook; and when he is ill he grumbles at the doctor and nurse. He grumbles in his amusements, and he grumbles in his devotions; at the theatre he grumbles at the players, and at church he grumbles at the parson. He cannot for the life of him enjoy a day's pleasure without grumbling. He grumbles at his enemies, and he grumbles at his friends. He grumbles at all the animal creation, at horses when he rides on them, at dogs when he shoots with them, at birds when he misses them, at pigs when they squeak, at asses when they bray, at geese when they cackle, and at peacocks when they scream. He is always on the look-out for something to grumble at; he reads the newspapers that he may grumble at public affairs; his eyes are always open to look for abominations, he is always pricking up his ears to detect discords, and snuffing up the air to find stink. You cannot inflict a deeper injury upon him than by convincing him that he has no occasion to grumble? Cut his throat and he will forgive it, pick his pocket and he will forgive it, but deprive him of his privilege of grumbling, you more than kill him—you expatriate him. But the beauty of it is, you cannot inflict this injury on him; you cannot by all the logic ever invented, or by all the argument that ever was uttered, convince an Englishman that he has nothing to grumble at, because if you were to do so he would grumble at you so long as he lived for his old associations. Grumbling is a pleasure which we all enjoy more or less, but none, or but few, enjoy it in all the perfection and completeness of which it is capable.

BRIAN BOROHME'S HARP.—Donagh, son of Brian Borohme, king of Ireland, slain in a battle with the Danes, at Clontarf, near Dublin, A. D. 1014, having murdered his nephew, fled to Rome, carrying away the crown, harp, and other regalia of his father, which he presented to the Pope, in order to obtain absolution. Adrian IV. alleged this as one of his principal titles to this kingdom, in his bull transferring it to Henry II. These regalia were kept in the Vatican till the Pope sent the harp to Henry VIII., with the title of Defender of the Faith; but he kept the crown, which was of massive gold. Henry gave the harp to the first Earl of Clanricard, in whose family it remained till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it came, by a lady of the De Burgh family, into that of Mac Mahon, of Clenagh, in the county of Clare; after whose death it became the property of Commissioner

Mac Namara, of Limerick. In 1782, it was presented to the Right Hon. William Conyngham, who deposited it in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. It is thirty-two inches high, and of excellent workmanship; the sounding-board is of oak; the arms of red sallow; the extremity of the uppermost arm, in part, is capped with silver. It contains a large crystal, set in silver; and under it was another stone, now lost. On the front arm are the arms of the O'Brien family—the bloody hand supported by lions. On the sides of the front arm, within two circles, are two Irish wolf-dogs, cut in the wood. The holes of the sounding-board, where the strings entered, are neatly ornamented with escutcheons of brass, carved and gilt; the larger sounding-holes were, probably, ornamented with silver, which has been the object of theft. It has twenty-eight keys, and as many string-holes. The foot-piece is broken off, and the parts to which it was joined are much decayed. The whole bears evidence of an expert artist.

From Graham's Mag., for February.

SKATING.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

"The winter has come, and the skaters are here."

The earth is white with gleaming snow,
The lake one sheet of silver lies,
Beneath the morning's ruddy glow,
The steaming vapors gently rise.

Keen is the cool and frosty air,
That waves the pine trees on the hill,
And voiceless as a whispered prayer,
Breathes down the valley clear and still.

Come, 't is an hour to stir the blood
To glowing life in every vein!
Up,—for the sport is keen and good
Across the bright and icy plain.

On each impatient foot to-day,
The ringing steel again we'll bind,
And o'er the crystal plain away,
We'll leave the world and care behind.

And, oh! what joy is ours to play,
In rapid, round, and swift career,
And snatch beneath the wintry day,
One moment's rest, and hasty cheer.

Then, when the brief, sweet day is done,
And stars above begin to blink,
As home the swift lake bears us on,
Our sweethearts meet us on the brink.

Then gather'd round the cheerful blaze,
While gusts without are blowing shrill,
With laugh, and jest, and merry lays,
We pass the jocund evening still.

Around the board our seats all told,
Comes nature's welcome hour of rest,
And slumbers never bought with gold,
Sit light on each untroubled breast.

No lagging pulse impedes our sleep,
No startling dreams our couch annoy,
But health and peace, in quiet deep,
Smile hovering round the country boy.

Then, when the morning bright and clear,
Springs gayly o'er the glistening hill,
With hardy sports we hail it near,
Or hardy labors bless it still.

Newburyport, Mass., Jan., 1841.

FLOWERS.—Wilberforce, who had a great taste for horticulture, considered flowers to be the smiles of the divine goodness.

MANUEL EL RAYO,
A TALE OF THE CONTRABANDISTS.
IN SIX PARTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH,
BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

PART FIRST.

On the whole of the coasts of Spain, both upon the side of the Bay of Biscay and upon the Mediterranean, the amount and prevalence of the contraband trade are enormous. We do not here speak of such timid smugglers as form the population of the frontier provinces, and who, aided by a thousand arts, and stratagems, avoid the betrayal of the pursuit, into which they are occasionally drawn by necessity, or betrayed by avarice. The true contrabandist, whose operations cover the whole country, holds in disdain such feeble and cowardly imitators, and delights to be known as a member of a profession which he esteems useful and necessary to society. He has the peculiar and distinct usages, songs, language and costume of his brotherhood. Familiar with exposure, he is firm and vigorous in health; the confidence of strength gives a gravity and repose to his gait and countenance; and the vanity of distinction which is innate with him whose disposition leads to an occupation which treats danger with contempt, is elaborately indicated in his attire and deportment.

In his encounters with the guards of the revenue, he is never inspired by a spirit of hatred or revenge. He regards them as bound by *their* duty, to oppose him in a traffic which it is equally his duty to follow. He is very rarely the aggressor in such skirmishes; but when attacked, throws all his force into the struggle, and never ceases to resist, while strength for resistance is left. Not unfrequently he remains master of the field, and possessor of the merchandise in dispute; and then the engagement ceases. He has no inducement to butcher or pursue his assailants, and knows no necessity for fighting, except self defence. Notable for magnanimity, equally remarkable is the true Spanish contrabandist for his punctuality to his engagements, the sacredness of his word, and his low estimation of ladrone pretenders, who idly boast of the number of the revenue soldiers whom they have made to "bite the dust."

The true specimen and representative of the Spanish smuggler is to be looked for on the southern coast, from the mouth of the Guadiana, to Cape de Gata. Well aware that Gibraltar, situated in the vicinity of convenient ports, is the grand magazine of the products of British industry, with which the peninsula is inundated; he knows that compared with the contraband trade at this part of the coast, the "professional business" on the Portuguese line, and the French frontier is but a sorry trifle. To Gibraltar then, should he repair, who would observe the veritable Spanish smuggler; as it forms the centre and point of departure for his operations. There he is engaged with the indifferent air of business, in loading and fitting out his vessels; and preparing for the most hazardous enterprises, with that cool blood, perseverance, and resolute sternness, which are the foundation of his character, and which formed for fifty years, the attributes of Manuel El Rayo, to whose last adventures we are about to direct the attention of our readers.

Himself the son of a contrabandist, whose fame that of Manuel scarce eclipsed, he was born and educated to regard his mode of life as incomparably superior to all others. Ac-

tive and enterprising, he enriched himself in it. Ever returning successful from all encounters with the revenue officers, by sea and land; and always surrounded by men of as firm a mould as himself, he never did discredit to the surname of *el Rayo*, by which he was known throughout the country.—It is a surname which is not translatable, in its full native meaning. It is something more than brave, and yet indicates not merely bravery—it might be translated "great," but the "greatness" which a smuggler achieves is of a peculiar character. We might call him the "distinguished"—but every body now-a-days is distinguished;—so requesting the reader to invest him with all the proper attributes of his class, we shall continue untranslated his original title, Manuel el Rayo.

The stature of Manuel was tall, and his frame well knit. His features were well pronounced and stern, and his bronzed complexion testified to his exposure to the meridian sun. The full tufts of hair which concealed his temples, and the beard thick and well cared for, added to the marked shadowing forth of his character by his countenance. The accustomed deep colored kerchief worn upon his head, was surmounted with a high conical hat, with abundant rim; and a frock of black skin adorned with silver lace, covered a velvet vest with elaborately wrought buttons; two rows of which adorned also the seams of his nether integuments. Richly ornamented buskins completed the essentials of his dress, and about his waist was carefully rolled, with an affectation of carelessness, a bright red silk sash. Over all was thrown the characteristic Andalusian cloak, which none but an Andalusian can wear and manage with grace and ease, and none with more than Manuel exhibited.



Such was the guise of our hero when his avocations left him leisure to court the graces. When called to duty, his holiday attire was laid aside. The Andalusian cloak was strapped to his saddle, and in its place a large striped blanket was carelessly thrown over his shoulders. The belt was garnished with two pairs of pistols, charged to the mouth; and monnt-

ed on his hardy Andalusian poney, his right hand grasped the lock of his musket, while in his left the reins lay like a slighted thread.

After twelve years union, our contrabandist lost his wife, who left him as her sole legacy, a girl of five years. In his daughter Casilda, were soon engaged all the milder affections of his heart; and he spared no pains to give her a good education. Such, at the date of our tale she had, if as such could be classed sufficient knowledge of the rudiments, to accomplish her daily exercise in the ritual with tolerable ease. In music she could accomplish popular boat songs and serenades, accompanying herself on the guitar. In the dance, she could execute the graceful attitudes of the Cachucha; and in fine would have passed with some of her countrywomen as accomplished;—such for instance as are taught to fear to learn to read, lest there be beneath the mystery of letters, horrid pitfalls, to betray maidens to the arts of wicked lovers.

Casilda, with this light burthen of intellectual acquirements, had reached the age when infancy begins to verge into girlhood; and when the mind, filled with a vague and inexplicable something, disdaining the insipid pleasures of the past and present, looks forward with indistinct expectation to the future. No careless study of her mirror taught her to know her personal beauty, and a natural sentiment of pride betrayed itself in expressions and attitudes, which might have furnished studies for a Murillo or a Zurburane.

But if in the little heart of Casilda, a knowledge of her personal attractions wrought only complacency, her father Manuel regarded her with far different emotions. A long life, filled with incidents and adventures, had acquainted him with all the arts employed by the libertine to betray the virtuous and the beautiful; he feared for his beloved child, and wishing ever to be at her side, cursed in his heart the calling which imposed upon him periods of absence so frequent and so long. He knew well that in a small village a maiden is less exposed than in a large city; and for that reason had removed from Cadiz to the little town on the other shore of the bay—the Puerto de Santa Maria. There, in a house commodious and elegant in the Calle del Palacio, under the watchful charge of her old duena Marta, the lovely Casilda grew in beauty, and indulged in fond dreams of a world of which she knew only the romance; and that romance only by intuition, and indistinct fancies caught from the distant murmurs, which stole upon her ear, like the notes of hidden musicians upon a sleeper.

Such was the seclusion of the poor child that she scarcely saw a living soul, except her old guardian. The close blinds of her window prevented the profane vision of any passenger from penetrating to the sacred interior of the house, and from all the indications, had not the neighbors seen Marta go out to purchase provisions, they would have deemed the building an enchanted castle. Casilda sometimes went forth, but only on the Sabbath to mass, and then she was well wrapped, and concealed, and closely attended by the jealous duena. Such was the precaution of Manuel, that he even directed their choice of a church, and traced their path to it through streets the most unfrequented. He enjoined upon Casilda the careful employment of her veil, and above all, the strict watch of that telegraph of Spanish lovers, the fan, that no inadvertent motion of it might be construed into a signal, and that no attention of any person might be attracted to his jealously watched daughter.

Notwithstanding all the care that Marta had taken, by Manuel's directions, to guard his child from sight, the father one day astonished the Duena, by admitting to his table a gay young fellow of scarce five and twenty—well looking and attired in vestments which betrayed the contrabandist. This infraction by Manuel of the rules of his own imposing; his placing the visitor beside Casilda; the visible embarrassment of the young man, and his emotion at whatever Casilda uttered, important and unimportant—caused anxious curiosity in the mind of the Duena, until she arrived, without a shadow of doubt, to the conclusion that the young contrabandist had offered himself to the old, as a son in law. And such was the diligence of the Duena, to inform herself of the truth of the case, that she placed herself where she could listen to the conversation of the two free traders over their wine. Casilda had retired, and the two conferees enjoyed in silence their segars. Antonio, the guest, abruptly broke the silence by exclaiming:

“Of a truth Manuel, that Casildo is a jewel of a child!”

Manuel complimented his junior with a congratulation that he was not blind. He had too often heard Casilda's praises sung by the Duena; and was too good a judge himself of her beauty to receive the exclamation of Antonia as any thing but a common place. The young man persisted in his professions of rapture, parried by the wary coolness of the elder contrabandist, and ended in bluntly proposing for the hand of Casilda.

“Antonio!” gravely cried the father, “beware how you make light of the holy sacraments of the church!”

The guest reverentially made the sign of the cross with his fingers, and swore upon it that he was serious in his proposal. The father of Casilda bent, for a moment, a searching glance upon him, and enquired; “Antonio, do you love my daughter?”

“As I hope to enter heaven.”

“You may aspire to her hand; but before you possess a treasure so inestimable, you must show yourself worthy of it.” And with the characteristics of a smuggler, the father of the fair Casilda imposed upon the suitor for her hand, a feat in the life of a contrabandist, which should mark him as worthy of alliance with Manuel El Rayo; for among the fraternity of smugglers, as among knights errant, is there chivalry.

The trusty Antonio would have sallied forth to attack the “guarda costas” for the mere pleasure of the encounter and to prove himself worthy of the hand of Casilda. He offered to put himself to sea in Manuel's good barque La Trinidad, with a crew of picked men, and send all revenue vessels he might meet to a warm place at short notice. His senior, however, threw a wet blanket on this enthusiasm, he reminded the young man that exposure of life and limb gratis, was no mark of prudence, whatever it might be of courage. Beside, he said, there was no need of haste. Casilda was just seventeen, and he was resolved not to give her in marriage until she had completed her eighteenth year. Antonia who had no alternative, acquiesced with a sigh, and Manuel suddenly resumed:

“But there is another condition I had nearly forgotten. It is necessary also that you recount to me all the events of your life. Why did you leave the coasts of Malaga for that near Cadiz?”

"It is a secret."

"How!" exclaimed Manuel, in an impetuous tone—"and you expect notwithstanding to be entrusted with *my secrets*!" Antonio made no reply. "What say you?" demanded Manuel in a harsh voice.

"That I must—that I will tell you all," faltered Antonio. After a pause he continued. "Ten years since, my brother, my sister, and myself, lost our parents. My brother was engaged in merchandize in Malaga, and my love of adventure led me to the life in which I have ever since continued.—This you knew before—I am now about to communicate something of which you were till now ignorant. A young gallant from Marbella, who had received from heaven a person as beautiful as his heart is corrupt, and from his parents an immense fortune and the education of a libertine, came to Malaga, and hardly saw my sister, when he became enamored of her. An intimacy commenced—months passed before my brother knew or suspected it; and he discovered the attachment but to learn that our family was dishonored and our sister the victim of a seducer. You may readily imagine that the first thought and duty was to quarrel with the villain Arevalo; but the assassin took advantage of the carelessness of my brother, despatched him with a poniard, and left him in his blood."

"God give the murdered rest!" breathed Manuel, in a voice low but fervent.

"As soon as I heard of this terrible disgrace," continued Antonio, "I hastened with a brother's feelings to Madrid, to seek the double assassin, and avenge the death of my brother, and the more than death of my ruined sister. But he had vanished—cowardly guilt had given him wings, and he never more returned to Malaga. I left my native city, determined never to return to it, and never again to see the sister who had caused the dishonor of her family, and the death of her brother. I came then to Cadiz, to offer you my arm, desiring only to follow in the illustrious footsteps of Manuel el Rayo. Now have you the history of my life."

"I knew it before," said the senior with a smile.

"Indeed! And why then ask it of me?"

"To discover if you were a comrade frank and true."

"How! Did you doubt it?"

"No; but between two friends there should be no appearance of distrust."

"There, then, you have heard all." Here both relapsed into silence—which was at length interrupted by Manuel:

"Should you recognise the assassin?"

"Assuredly!" said Antonio. "His portrait is burnt upon my memory."

"And if by any accident you met?"

"As God lives, I would kill him."

"But I forbid it, if you would be my son-in-law," said Manuel.

"I have sworn it."

"The bishop of Cadiz will absolve you of your oath."

"But why prohibit me from accomplishing the death of my sister's seducer—my brother's murderer?"

"Why!" repeated Manuel; "Because I do not wish to wed my daughter to a man who could treacherously stain his hands in the blood of a Christian; and become from the moment, a fugitive from place to place to conceal himself from the hands of justice; and because, (here the contrabandist

crossed himself,) Nuestra Senora del Carmen, the patron saint of the contrabandist would deny him her protection.

This last argument produced a visible impression upon the younger of the pious outlaws, and after a few moment's debate between revenge and duty to Nuestra Senora, "you say well, Manuel," he exclaimed, "and I will follow your counsel."

"I rely upon your word."

"You may safely do so." And with this mutual assurance the confreres separated. A few hours afterward, Antonio took the road to Gibraltar, to wait in that place the orders of Manuel, who had long entrusted to him the minor expeditions, reserving to himself the most perilous.

A few days passed, and Manuel received from one of the first merchants of Seville, a letter, requesting an interview with him, to arrange the delivery of a cargo of goods, duty free, which they had purchased in Gibraltar. On the day following, with the rising of the sun, Manuel having embraced Casilda, and renewed his injunctions upon her duena, Marta, mounted his horse, and took the road to Seville.

Like a true Andalusian, he did not forget in his equipments the cigar behind either ear, as a clerk wears his pen. Otherwise he was gallantly armed, and he made echo ring again with a favorite strain from his musical countryman, Manuel Garcia.

PART SECOND.

Madre la mi madre
Watchful be your ward!
Since if you do not guard me,
Myself I shall not guard!

The immortal Cervantes has placed in the mouth of one of his heroines, the quatrain above quoted; and there exists no where a more pithy statement of a truth which experience has ever proved:—that nothing is more difficult than to guard a woman from that, from which she will not protect herself. If this general rule holds true in all countries, how much more emphatically is it true under the blue sky of Andalusia! The ardent rays of the sun, reflected from a clear sky and verdant earth, are tempered with gentle zephyrs, perfume laden, which affect the senses with a sweet and dangerous voluptuousness, and while they call premature flowers from the earth, awaken precocious passions in the heart.

Casilda had been cradled in Cadiz—the child budded in the city through the spring time of seventeen years, and was then transplanted to the beautiful but little village of Santa Maria. It was taking a plant from the garden to the chamber—the little light that visits it, it will seek, and the tendrils which escape from the casement, suffer more than the whole tree did, when the free wind could visit all its branches.

One Sunday at mass, accompanied by her vigilant duena, Casilda knelt upon a little mat on the marble pavement. Her feet were carefully drawn in and covered by the jealous dress which Spanish duenas contrive, to conceal the tournure, which Spanish maidens contrive, nevertheless, to reveal. Her back rested against a column, and her artfully arranged veil found assistance in the high comb to permit enough of her bright eyes and beautiful features to be visible, to give the imagination of the amorous observer a broken outline to fill, which should convey to him no slight, and we may add, no unjust impression of her loveliness.

The half open rose which was placed with elegant carelessness in the ringlets of her hair, and peeped coquettishly out, seemed a twin bud with the beautiful wearer—both in beauty less than half revealed. Her fan carelessly moved to and fro, as if rather following the unconscious law of habit, than acted upon by any will of the fair holder.

The priest had reached the benediction, and yet Casilda's book remained still open upon the first page! A shade of regret and impatience stole over her features, and her eyes betrayed an anxiety which she strove in vain to conceal. Suddenly a slight smile changed the aspect of her countenance. A young cavalier who had watched her with much attention from the other side of the church, and who leaned like her against a column, answered that smile with another. He was attired in an elegant cloak, and his form, though not tall, was manly. His features were handsome though effeminate, and a fine eye, which he managed with great adroitness, captivated all who caught its glance. If it did not testify to contrition, it did not on the other hand betray affectation or hypocrisy. His age could not have exceeded thirty.

The glances of the two lovers were exchanged with a rapidity which left not even the duena Marta, opportunity to observe them; and drawing her veil over her face, Casilda left the church. By a mutual stratagem the young couple were thrown together, just as the crowd were pushed between Casilda and her duena. The hand of the gallant received from Casilda a hastily written note, on which were inscribed the words: "If we exchange glances, why not exchange letters?" The shrewd youth, who had anticipated this accidental meeting, placed another note in her hand, and disappeared among the crowd. Arrived at home, the daughter of the contrabandist lost no time in opening her billet, in which she found written the simple words: "Beautiful Casilda, I adore you.—Fernando."

"Beautiful Casilda," repeated the girl, as she glanced at her mirror, and smiled with complacency, as she saw confirmed the truth of the word her ardent lover had applied to her. "I adore you," she repeated a thousand times, as she turned and twisted in her taper fingers, the rosebud which had adorned her hair, till it fell in fragments at her feet. She pronounced with tenderness the name of the fortunate Fernando, as if she could never tire of its musical cadence; and all this time the watchful, the tried, the faithful Marta, dreamed not that the whisper of the gallant had reached the ear of Casilda, or love's missive fallen under her eye.

Three months after this adventure, and a few days before the return of Manuel to Seville, whither, in Part 1st, we saw him posting; as the sentinel called the hour of eleven, a figure buried in a cloak, and concealed in a slouched hat, passed silently into the solitary Calle del Palacio. He paced the street, until as the church clock sounded twelve, he fixed himself in a porch opposite the house of the contrabandist, and remained there, almost without breathing—his eyes fixed on the windows of Casilda's apartment. A light noise as of a door carefully opened, breaks the monotony of the stillness, a figure clothed in white extends her hand, and makes the signal. The gallant needs no second invitation—he has entered the house, and the door is closed with the same precau-

tion with which it was opened. Unhappy Casilda! Why slept your guardian! Manuel! why did you tarry in Seville!

A few days after the arrival of Manuel El Rayo in Seville, Antonio, his young compeer, received at Gibraltar a letter advising him of the acceptance by Manuel of the contract to which we have already alluded. It gave him notice, furthermore of the confidence to be placed in him, in the conveyance of a cargo, the loss of which would destroy his hopes of Casilda, and the safe transport of which would secure a premium of six thousand dollars, his reputation, and the hand of the daughter of Manuel. As none of our readers are likely to embark in the honorable profession of a Spanish contrabandist, we do not deem it necessary to transcribe the minute sailing orders forwarded by Manuel to Antonio; farther than to say that on board of El Rayo's favorite, "La Trinidad," Antonio was directed to embark with sixty men, and not to spare fight, if he could not avoid an encounter with the vessels placed to guard the avenue.

Manuel, on his part, applied himself to preparations for the landing of the cargo. Familiar with his men, he had no difficulty in securing a company, who were willing to expose themselves to the danger of a few shots, for a consideration, half in hand. The watchword was "Nuestra Senora del Carmen," the place of rendezvous the Phantom Rock, on the shore of the Bay de la Salud, at the mouth of the Guadalquivir; the hour of meeting, eight, on the night of the 22d September.

From the day of the arrival of Manuel at his house, a white handkerchief, so arranged that it could be seen in the street, had been twisted to the bars of one of Casilda's windows. Every morning and every afternoon, a certain before named cavalier had appeared at the head of the Calle del Palacio, and at sight of the signal bitten his lips, muttered some scarcely intelligible words of malediction, and disappeared as he came. Up to the very hour when, on the 22d of September, Manuel was preparing to go to the rendezvous, he had not observed the signal; and it caught his eye just as he was on the point of setting forth for the Phantom Rock. Habitually suspicious, he remained some moments attentively regarding it, with a species of stupor. Turning briskly, he passed towards one of the narrow streets which end in the Plaza del Povorista, and entering the house of an old friend, a fisherman, he addressed him, and inquired in a low and mysterious voice: "Pedro, are we alone?"

"Entirely," replied the fisherman.

"Take this doubloon, and leave for a while, your nets to dry."

"And in what shall I serve you?"

"Collect your prudence, and I will entrust you with a secret."

"Seat and unbosom yourself," said the fisherman, tendering a chair.

"I have not time, as I start this instant for the Phantom Rock.—I believe that some vagabond is fluttering about my daughter."

"Ave Maria Purissima!" cried Pedro, in a tone divided between surprise, doubt, and reverence, "and what is it you wish of me?"

"I wish you to place yourself as a sentinel, day and night, over the approaches to my house. You must watch with the closest attention, and come immediately to the Bay de la Sa-

lud, if any thing occurs to satisfy you of the truth of my suspicions."

"By the Holy Angel which guards it, I swear to you, that not a fly shall enter your house without my knowledge."

"I leave all with you, and you may find at all times a horse at your service, at the house of our friend Bartolo."

"May Heaven prevent the need of mounting!"

"Thanks! Adios, Pedro!"

"Adios, Manuel!"

An hour afterward found the horse of Manuel El Rayo, following the winding path, which leads from the Puerto de Santa Maria to the Phantom Rock. During nearly all the time which was occupied in crossing the four short leagues which separate the Puerto de Santa Maria from the Bay de la Salud, Manuel remained pensive and silent. But as giving way to such melancholy unfitted him for the perilous duty in which he was about to engage, he planted himself firmly in his stirrups, lighted his cigar, shook the folds from his cloak, held his horse with a firmer rein, and commenced in a loud voice his accustomed song. None that heard Manuel El Rayo might then suspect that he was going to meet peril, and leaving behind him a danger from which he apprehended more, and of which he thought much more deeply.

Going from Rota in the direction of St. Lucar, the traveler crosses first one of the most fertile and smiling tracts in Spain; the olive and the vine dividing the possession of the rich valleys and the verdant knolls. As you proceed, the landscape changes, the vine disappears, the pine succeeds the olive, and high mountains, their tops white with snow, and their sides indented with rushing torrents, pierce the clouds with their uninhabitable summits. In the environs of these mountains reside the most formidable bands of outlaws, who find protection from pursuit in the mountain straits, accessible only to their well-accustomed feet. As the ocean is approached the path becomes more and more rugged. Rocks are piled, as if an artist had collected them to form the features of the terrible sublime. A narrow strait, navigable only by the free traders to whom it is a port of entry, unrecognised by the customs, makes in from the Guadalupe, ending in a bay—safe to the contrabandista, who knows its hidden rocks—no other than the Bay de la Salud of which we have before spoken, as the place where Antonio was to land his cargo. Walls of rock, a hundred and fifty feet in height above the water, answer to each other from each side, as if their original immense mass had been cleft in twain. The sea roared and fretted in the fissures at their base; and between them rose a fantastic cliff, to which the contrabandists had given the name of the PHANTOM ROCK.

PART THIRD.

At the appointed hour all the recruits of Manuel, in number sixty, were at the place of rendezvous; and all the paths leading to the Bay were watched by sentinels to prevent intrusion, with orders to fire upon any one approaching who could not give the countersign. The main body of the smugglers was placed in a sheltered cave, ready to answer the first call for their services at any point, and Manuel El Rayo, with his confidant, Francisco Munoz, ascended the cliff, and from the head of the Phantom Rock commanded a wide prospect of sea and land. A profound silence surround-

ed them, to the effect of which, the monotony of an almost unruffled sea only added; for its waves broke so regularly against the foot of the mountain, and so faintly, that their breaking sound seemed but an audible part of the solemn stillness.

An hour the two contraband leaders passed without uttering a word. Slowly and steadily the night glass of Manuel described the horizon, and Munoz watched his superior in patient silence; till at length he knew, from the steadiness of his gaze at a particular point, that the expected object had caught Manuel's attention. "Make a signal," said the leader in a low voice, without taking down his glass.

"In what direction?" inquired Manuel.

"A little to the starboard of the Cadiz light."



Francisco opened immediately the dark signal lantern, and threw a small but vivid circle of light in the direction indicated, and after an instant he again closed it. A quarter of an hour elapsed before the answer was returned; and Manuel was becoming impatient, when he discovered the answering light of Antonio, from the Goleta *Trinidad*. The lantern of Munoz responded, and again the Goleta answered. Signals were repeated with the lantern, and with flashes of powder, until satisfied of the character of the approaching vessel. A single blast on a trumpet was blown by Munoz, to warn the party to hold themselves in readiness, and with the cessation of its echoes from rock to rock, silence again reigned; and Manuel, relinquishing the post of sentinel to Munoz, spread his blanket, lighted his segar, and ex-

tended himself upon the earth, while Munoz continued his signals to guide the course of La Trinidad.

About half an hour had elapsed in this silence and suspense, when the ears of the contrabandists caught a slight noise, like that produced by the rapid movement of a passenger over the ground. Manuel sprang to his feet, Munoz caught his firelock, and both listened attentively, and looked intently, as if they would penetrate the shades of night to discover the intruder—but in vain. Manuel was forced to conclude that it was the rushing past of some wild beast; but in a low and mysterious voice, impressed upon his comrade the necessity of watchfulness. He told him how at the same hour, on a previous occasion, he had been startled by a noise similar—how he had discharged his carbine in the direction whence it proceeded—how echo was interrupted with a rumble and a splash, and how the morning sun revealed the dead body of a member of the coast guard, who had paid with his life, the penalty of his intrusion.

Hardly had Manuel finished this relation, when a noise more startling, interrupted the speakers. The cliff trembled under the report of a gun, discharged in the direction in which they had seen the signal of the smuggling goleta. Manuel seized his glass, and directed its sight to the quarter from whence had proceeded the explosion. Its revelations did not gratify him, and the ever ready interjection in the mouth of the peasant burst from his lips—"Car-am-ba!"

"What, see you?" inquired Munoz, breathless with anxiety.

"By the devil who helps me!" cried the contrabandist, "I believe it is the revenue cutter, which has overhauled the goleta, and threatens to attack her!"

The practised eye of Manuel had not deceived him. It was the Veloz, a vessel of the navy, which, under information from the custom house watch of Cadiz, had pursued the goleta Trinidad, and, favored by a light trim, in contrast with the heavy draught of the smuggler, had overtaken the chase. Manuel was deeply agitated for the result of the encounter, but affected serenity; and without uttering a word, watched with the deepest attention the movements of the two vessels, though losing them continually in the obscurity. They waited, breathlessly for the report of the second gun—it came—a third followed—and then another, and another. A brisk cannonading, and then a rapid fire of musketry veiled the two contending vessels in a dense of smoke, which the flashes traversed, like lightning coursing through thick black clouds. The reverberation among the rocks, sounded like the roaring of a mighty tempest. In a quarter of an hour all ceased, and silence and complete darkness, succeeded the bustle and noise of the furious conflict.

Manuel anxiously looked in the distance with his glass. Munoz dared ask him no questions, but contented himself with a silent observation of his movements, to divine his thoughts and the result of his observations. Presently, as if visited with the sudden apparition of what he sought, Manuel shouted, "They are safe! They are safe!" in a voice so loud that the men beneath heard it, and took courage. A moment more and the horn of Munoz sounded, there was a confused movement at the foot of the Phantom Rock, blazing torches, for an instant, illuminated the narrow circle of the Bay de la Salud, and showed its shores peopled with the hardy contrabandistas, ready for labor, or equipped for fight,

as chance might dictate. In a moment Manuel was in their midst, and hailed the vessel through the trumpet:

"Comrades! What word?"

"Nuestra Senora del Carmen," was replied from the goleta.

"Blessings and praises and offerings to her holy shrine!" said Manuel, bowing with grave humility, as he turned to his comrades.

"For ever let her be praised," responded the buccaneers, as they stacked their arms. A boat bearing four of the mariners killed in the action, landed from the goleta Trinidad. A brief word of salutation passed—the dead were set aside—not a word more was uttered, and the squeaking of the purchases used in hoisting, was the only noise from the multitude engaged in landing the cargo of the smuggler. The bright glare of the torches had ceased almost as soon as kindled; and here and there only, twinkled little circles of light about a few small lanterns.

Manuel took Antonio aside, and heard the latter's details of the encounter; aiding his narrative with all that experience could suggest, and all that love for his favorite goleta—his next beloved to his daughter—could prompt. The return of dead and wounded on board the Trinidad was eleven; while Antonio averred that the Veloz had lost half her crew! "Bravo!" exclaimed Manuel, at the close—"This day's work enrols you a worthy contrabandista!"

"Ever may I be worthy of the title—and—of the hand of Casilda!" said the other, eying Manuel fixedly.

"Ah—of—my daughter?"—Manuel hesitatingly uttered, with an embarrassment which did not escape the keen eyes of the other.

"Certainly! No chance has changed your intentions!" said Antonio, in a tone of surprised inquiry.

"No—no!" Manuel emphatically replied, and added in a subdued tone—"and yet it is possible that a union with my daughter cannot reward your fidelity!"

"What say you?" hurriedly inquired Antonio.

"I say the truth"—replied Manuel, as a heavy sigh manifested the depth of his feeling.

"Surely—there—"

"Enough is said," interrupted the father of Casilda, in a tone which indicated that the conversation was not longer to be continued. As he spoke he shuddered with self-torment, at the presentiments of disgrace which haunted him, and strove in vain to drive from his memory the signal he had noted in the window of Casilda.

Antonio—his heart full of hope—could not readily relinquish the visions which had armed him to deeds of superhuman bravery in the late engagement. He knew the moody humor of Manuel El Rayo, and he knew the sacredness of his word. He was re-assured with the averment of the father of Casilda, that nothing had changed his intentions; and, dreaming of no other obstacle, and counting the doubts expressed by Manuel as a fond father's fears, the successful young contrabandist deemed himself a successful suitor.

To be continued.

The Montreal Gazette announces, in a quasi official manner, that Sir George Arthur will embark for England in the course of a few weeks. General Sir Richard Jackson, will, it is supposed, succeed him in the government of Upper Canada, temporarily at least.

From the Ladies' Companion, for January.

FAREWELL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

I will not say remember me,
Though all too soon we part,
And sadly and regretfully,
Thought lingers round my heart.
A few short days of gladness
And sunshine still is ours;
But then will follow sadness,
And moments traced in flowers,
May linger in the memory—
A pleasant joy but past—
Like a soft and golden sunset
All lovely to the last.
And yet I do bethink me
That in this life of ours,
Are green and sunny places,
Flushed with the gentle flowers,
That weave their clinging tendrils
Around two kindred minds,
And, spite of time or absence,
Their foliage still entwines.
True hearts that feel together,
Are like a voice and lute—
Or the breeze that seeks a casement,
Where a harp is lying mute;
That when the strings are trembling,
Awake a softer thrill,
And with its gentle whispering,
Calls out its tones at will.
Some breezes swell so quietly,
The harp's best music flows
From off its strings harmoniously
As incense leaves the rose,
And that is like the friendship
Enrooted in this heart.
Its strings retain their music,
Though from the breeze apart.
They tremble with sweet memory
And breathe a plaintive tone,
And the music swells for ever
Though the harp be left alone.
The breeze may spread his pinions,
But they have caught a strain,
While blending with the harp-strings,
That cannot die again;
While the lone harp is tuneful,
With melody from Heaven,
The breeze will sigh more sweetly
With a music caught and given,
As when it has been revelling
In the lily's pearly bell;
Or down among the violets
That flush a greenwood dell.
I will not say, "remember me!"
If friendship's in that heart
Thou never canst forget me,
Though years and leagues apart.

AN EXTEMPORE TRAVESTIE.

It was a cold February night, and there was an audience of *one*. The play was King Lear, and there was no 'back out' in the manager.—The individual who composed the audience had exposed himself in the pit, and he was ashamed to 'back out' too, though it was evident he was in an uncommon 'fix' and would gladly have been any where else than where he was. Up drew the curtain, and on walked the natural son and unnatural brother, Edmund.

"Thou, Nature, art my Goddess," &c., commenced the actor, and so proceeded in his twenty line soliloquy about half way, when he suddenly stopped, and walking forward to the foot lights, addressed the *audience*, who, as will be seen, was an old man and intimate acquaintance.

"Jack, I am sorry to see the house so very uncomfortably crowded, and as it seems impossible for you to obtain a seat, I hope you will go home immediately."

"O never mind," said the *audience*, "I am quite comfortable, and I beg you will not put yourself out on my account. Tell the other ladies and gentlemen, old King Lear and the rest, to come on, for I am a liberal and enlightened *audience* I assure you, and have an especial devotion for Shakspeare." Saying which, the *audience* took his stick and gave himself a unanimous round of applause.

The actor, though a bold and facetious fellow, had broken through the rules of the theatre as far as he thought well of for the time, and with a laugh and a wink at his friend, the *audience*, he went on and completed his soliloquy.

The play progressed. The whole company was in receipt of full salaries, and the manager had been suffering a severe run of hard luck; so, his policy being never to dismiss an audience of even *one*, the company, however disagreeable the duty to act under such circumstances, had neither right or inclination to thwart his wishes. This consideration, however, could not keep down the facetious spirit of the comedians, and, as a natural consequence, the exquisite tragedy was transformed into about the richest burlesque that was ever enacted upon any stage. Through the two first acts the actors kept within tolerable bounds, hoping the *audience* would get sick and dismiss himself, but he was too wide awake for that; he was an old familiar among the players, and, seeing the fun brewing, he heroically kept his seat in the middle of the pit. Between the acts he amused himself calling out 'boots,' 'physic,' introducing also the elegant variations of whistling, stamping, crunching peanuts, and imitating all the customary sounds of a crowded auditory.

The third act opened and advanced, and scarcely a line was spoken that was not perverted as to furnish glorious matter for a book of comic illustrations. The wag of an audience abandoned himself heart and soul to the sport, now joining in a word with the actors, and again applauding with his stick and disporting himself in ecstasies of laughter.

"Unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare-footed thing as thou art!" said tottering Lear, looking at and pointedly addressing the jolly individual in the pit. Presently afterward mad Edgar exclaimed, "This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew and walks till the second cock!" &c., pointing directly at the same good humored worshipper of the drama.

"Stop, stop the play," said the audience.—"Ladies and gentlemen, be kind enough to wait a few moments till I go to the bar and get a little warm winter beverage."

"Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou foul fiend!" roared poor mad Tom, adding "I say Jack let it be for two while you're about it!"

In the fourth act a black boy walked on to the stage with a number of smoking glasses of hot drink upon a waiter, and as all idea of acting the play properly was now entirely abandoned, the players stopped at once, took the tumblers in their hands, and then went on speaking and drinking, touching glasses and laughing beyond all control or restraint at the supremely extraordinary and ridiculous scene that was going forward. The audience had continued to send the boy round to the private entrance, with orders to march directly on to the stage and suffer no person to stop him, which commission the little nigger faithfully executed.

The fifth act went on, and Lear came staggering on in the last scene with dead Cordelia in his arms, exclaiming, "Howl, howl, howl, howl!"—"Ladies and gentlemen will you do me the favor to howl?" This wound up the play, for the man in the pit instantly rose up and commenced howling like a dog, the actors joined in, and a sudden and irresistible climax was given to the whole affair by the house dogs in the neighborhood setting up a vociferous serenade all round the theatre, which was continued in melodious echoes, by

"Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
Hound, and spaniel, brach and lym,
Bobtail, tike and trundle tail,"

and every "Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart" in the town!

The manager rung down the curtain himself, hoped the ladies and gentlemen had sufficiently amused themselves, and thought after such a laughable tragedy there would be

no occasion for a farce, as on peeping through the curtain he discovered that *the audience* had concluded to go home.

Extravagant as this may appear, it is the relation of an actual occurrence which took place in Montgomery, Ala., in the severe winter of 1835.

SOVEREIGNS OF THE WORLD.

From the Comet of Many Tales, a comic almanac for the year 1841.

ENGLAND.—Victoria, born in 1819. Queen, defender of the faith and of her ministers; who, in return for her patronage cling to her person and her table with the tenacity of ivy, and, like the ivy, would be in dust tomorrow but for the support to which they cling. She is the only wife in the empire who is not subject to her husband—*de jure* we mean; for, far be it from us to say that she is not subject to him *de facto*. If her being the wife of a prince whom she has chosen for herself be an auspicious omen, her reign cannot but be prosperous—as Heaven grant it may! That her husband is worthy of his good fortune is proved by the fact, that all the world has been talking about him for the last twelve months without uttering a word to his dispraise. He appears to be winning golden opinions by assimilating himself to the English gentlemen—a character which the greatest monarch in the world might be proud to make his model.

FRANCE.—Louis Phillippe, born in 1773. A man of three titles—Duke of Orleans, King of the French, and Napoleon la Paix. The first, the work of birth; the second, the work accident; the third, the work of talent. His fortune has been triple, like his titles—first a noble, next a Jacobin, and thirdly a king. His wealth is enormous, and he has used it for three purposes—to enjoy the reputation of being the richest man in Europe; to marry his daughters to all the needy princes of Europe; and to purchase the French by gilding Versailles for the Parisians, hanging up fables of French battles, and delighting them, from the peer to the beggar, with the belief that they are the first populace in the world. A people of contradictions, they are now with one hand trumpeting a challenge to Europe, and with the other digging a ditch for the defence of Paris. They have erected a despot, under the title of a “citizen king;” and, to revive republicanism, are bringing back the bones of the haughtiest of emperors.

CHINA.—Taou Kwang. China is the great tea warehouse of mankind. A quarrel having been raised by some of its dealers, the warehouseman has shut up his shop. Foolish as this was, the dealers stood on the point, and determined to starve—more foolish still. But this was not enough. The warehouseman turned some of his capital into powder and shot, and building up his shop windows, mounted them with guns. The dealers, already half ruined, resolved to go the whole length, turned the tea-money into cannon-balls and Congreve rockets, and determined to burn down the warehouseman, shop and all, to force him to trade with them again—most foolish of the whole! The affair is going on still, and the dealers say that, when they shall have destroyed some thousands of Chinese lives, and wasted some millions of British money, they will only be the more amiable on both sides, and will have the privilege of buying more tea, and selling more poison than ever.

BELGIUM.—Leopold the first, born in 1790. The luckiest of the luckiest family of Europe. An Austrian captain of cavalry, who superseded the Prince of Orange in the alliance of the Princess Charlotte of England; enjoyed a pension of £50,000 a year for twenty years, of which he saved every shilling; next superseded the Prince of Orange in the possession of Belgium, and is now a king on the simple credit of having a good leg, doing nothing, and being a Coburg.

RUSSIA.—Nicholas the First, born in 1796—a daring, active, and ambitious despot. He began by excluding his brother Constantine from the throne, and is supposed to have the largest oesophagus of any sovereign in existence. He has already swallowed Poland; has made an enormous bite out of Persia; holds Tartary in his left hand, ready for a luncheon; Turkey lies dressed before him for a dinner, and what he is to sup on, or where, is known only to himself and his old

namesake. But he is vigorous, vigilant, subtle, and persevering; and, therefore, the better to be baffled by Lord Palmerston?

PRUSSIA.—William the Fourth, born in 1795. Since the beginning of this year, successor to his father Frederick William the Third. His character is yet to be known. He is a supposed lover of war, as all princes are for want of something else to do; and certainly no lover of the French, from his recollection of that most polished and plundering of all nations; but a worshipper of Russia, on the principle that makes the African bow down.

AUSTRIA.—Ferdinand, born in 1793. In Austria the government is wholly constructed on the principle of the nursery; the people are children who think of nothing but their breakfast, dinners, and suppers, and, if furnished with dolls and dances, are as happy as the day is long. But they never grow. When refractory, they are whipped, or put in the black hole. When good-humored, they are suffered to run about the fields, provided that they never run out of sight of the head nurse, and can be brought back by a check of the apron string. While they live, they merely walk in go-carts; when they die, they are merely wrapped up and put to bed.

SPAIN.—Maria Isabella Louisa, born in 1830. The youngest of sovereigns, though by no means the most childish. Her mother manages the state for her; General Espartero manages the state for her mother; the city of Madrid manages the state for General Espartero; the mob manages the state for the city of Madrid; and the mob itself is managed by the beggar, the thief, and the soldier. The civil war has died out for want of material, and Spain is now amusing itself with shooting prisoners.

PORTUGAL.—Maria da Gloria, born in 1819. Sovereign of an “independent” country, which England alone saves from being swallowed up by Spain; ruling by an “imperishable” constitution, which has been changed three times since her accession in 1826; and sitting on the throne of an “enlightened, free, and tranquilised” nation; themselves ruled by the priest, the police, and the mob of Lisbon.

SWEDEN AND NORWAY.—Charles John the Fourteenth, born in 1764; formerly Bernadotte: a singular instance of fortune, seconded by conduct. A Frenchman, entering the service as a common marine; then rising above the highest to the throne; and then rising above the man who placed him there by keeping the throne when Napoleon had lost it. He now lives the solitary survivor of the Napoleon monarchs; a bold, vigorous, and honest man; a brave soldier, a successful general, and, in a country of strangers, a secure king.

TURKEY.—Abdul Mehed the Unfortunate, the son of Mahmoud the Unlucky, born in 1823. He has come to the throne as a man might come to his dinner, with a party of wild beasts round the table. It is not likely that he can much enjoy his meal. All the sovereignties of Europe are open-mouthed round him, and he is spared from hour to hour only by the show of their tusks at each other. But the first bite is the signal for universal battle, and whichever gorges, Turkey must furnish the meal.

HOLLAND.—William the First, born in 1775. The first King of the Netherlands—a kingdom cut from France by the scissors of the congress of Vienna, and cut in two by the hatchets of the mob of Brussels: a prince hard-headed, hard-working, and hardly used. To solace the cares of sovereignty in the foggiest land of the universe, he lately fell in love. But the Duke dreaded the expense of a royal marriage; the Prince of Orange dreaded a stepmother; and the old women of the court a rival. What king could prevail against this union of forces? William the First, with a broken heart and a helpless sceptre, had the sole alternative of marrying or resigning. A Mare Antony of seventy, he has resigned.

CONSUMPTION OF ARDENT SPIRITS.—The quantity of ardent spirits consumed in Great Britain last year, was *twenty-nine millions of gallons*, which is more than a gallon per head, including man, woman, and child, of both sexes, the population, it is thought, not being 27 millions.

A HINT.—Before you set up for a critic, furnish yourself with the tools.—*Maunder's.*

THE DISEASE OF SCOLDING.

From the days of the Spectator to the present time, periodical writers have indulged in invectives against scolding, from an evident misconception of the nature, principles, and practice of scolding. Nay, our ancestors were more to blame, because they went farther, and, considering scolding as a crime, invented a punishment for it. Much light has never been thrown upon the subject; but, as I have made it my particular study for the last five-and-thirty years, that is, ever since I entered into the happy state of matrimony, I hope I shall have it in my power to dispel the darkness of ignorant and persecuting times, and contribute something to eradicate those unreasonable prejudices, which many gentlemen of our own days entertain against scolding.

The theory of scolding has been grossly mistaken. That which is a disease has been considered as a fault; whereas, in fact, scolding is a disease, principally of the lungs; and when the noxious matter has been long pent up, it affects the organs of speech in a very extraordinary manner, and is discharged with a violence which, while it relieves the patients, tends very much to disturb and frighten the beholders, or persons that happen to be within hearing.

Such is my theory of scolding; and if we examine all the appearances which it presents, in different families, we shall find that they will all confirm this doctrine. It is, therefore, the greatest cruelty, and the greatest ignorance, to consider it as a crime. A person may as well be continued in jail for a fever, or transported for the gout, as punished for scolding, which is, to all intents and purposes, a disease arising from the causes already mentioned.

Nor is it only a disease of itself, but it is also, when improperly treated, the cause of many other disorders. Neglected scoldings have often produced fits, of which a remarkable instance may be found in a treatise written by Dr. Colman, entitled, *The Jealous Wife*, in the fourth chapter, or act, as he calls it, of that celebrated work. On the other hand, where the scolding matter has been long pent up, without any vent, I have little doubt that it may bring on consumptions of the lungs, and these dreadful hysterical diseases, which, if not speedily fatal, at least embitter the lives of many worthy members of society. All these evils might have been averted, if the faculty had considered scolding in the light of a disease, and had treated it accordingly. In pursuance of my theory, I now proceed to the

SYMPTOMS.—The symptoms of scolding are these; a quick pulse, generally about one hundred beats in a minute; the eyes considerably inflamed, especially in persons who are fat, or reside near Wapping; a flushing in the face, very often to a great degree; at other times, in the course of the fit, the color goes and comes in a most surprising manner; an irregular, but violent motion of the hands and arms, and a stamping with the right foot; the voice exceedingly loud, and, as the disorder advances, it becomes hoarse and inarticulate; and the whole frame is agitated. After these symptoms have continued for some time, they gradually, and in some cases very suddenly, go off; a plentiful effusion of water comes from the eyes, and the patient is restored to health; but the disorder leaves a considerable degree of weakness, and a peculiar foolishness of look, especially if any strangers have been present during the fit. The memory too, is, I conceive, somewhat impaired; the patient appears to retain a very imperfect recollection of what passed, and if put in mind of any circumstances, obstinately denies them. These symptoms, it may be supposed, will vary considerably, in different patients, but where they appear at one time, there can be very little doubt of the disorder.

PREDISPOSING CAUSES.—In all diseases, a knowledge of the predisposing causes will be found to assist us in the cure. In the present case, these causes are, irritability of the vascular system, an exaltation of the passions, and a moderate deficiency of natural temper.

OCCASIONAL CAUSES.—The occasional causes of scolding are many. Among them may be enumerated, the throwing down of a china basin, misplacing a hat, or a pair of gloves, or an umbrella; leaving a door open; over-doing the meat; under-doing the same; spilling the soup; letting the fire go out; mistaking the hour, &c. &c., with many others, which I do not think it very necessary to enumerate, because these

crimes are so natural, that we cannot prevent them, and 'because, whatever the occasional cause of the disorder may be, the symptoms are the same, and the mode of cure the same.

CURE.—Various remedies have been thought of for this distemper, but all, hitherto, of the rough and violent kind, which, therefore, if they remove the symptoms for the present, leave a greater disposition toward the disorder than before. Among these the common people frequently prescribe the application of an oak stick, a horse-whip, or a leather strap or belt, which, however, are all liable to the objection I have just stated. Others have recommended *argumentation*; but this, like inoculation, will not produce the desired effect, unless the patient be, in some degree, prepared to receive it. Some have advised a perfect silence in all persons who are near the patient; but I must say, that wherever I have seen this tried, it has rather heightened the disorder, by bringing on fits. The same thing may be said of *obedience*, or letting the patient have her own way. This is precisely like giving drink in a dropsical case, or curing a burning fever by throwing in great quantities of brandy.

As the chief intention of this paper was, to prove that scolding is a disease, and not a fault, I shall not enlarge much on the mode of cure; because, the moment my theory is adopted, every person will be able to treat the disorder *secundum artem*. I shall mention, however, the following prescription, which I never found to fail, if properly administered:

Take—Of Common Sense, thirty grains, Decent Behavior, one scruple, Due Consideration, ten grains. *Mix*, and sprinkle the whole with *one moment's thought*, to be taken as soon as any of the occasional causes appear.

By way of diet, though it is not necessary to restrict the patient to a milk or vegetable diet, yet I have always found it proper to guard them against strong or spiritous liquors, or any thing that tends to heat the blood.

But it is now expedient that I should state a matter of very great importance in the prevention of this disorder, and which I have left till now, that my arguments on the subject may appear distinct, and may be comprehended under one view. It is commonly supposed, and, indeed, has often been asserted, that this disorder is peculiar to one only of the sexes; and, I trust, I need not add, what sex that is. But although it may be true that they are most liable to it, yet it is certain, from the theory laid down respecting the pre-disposing causes, that the men are equally in danger. Why then do we not find as many males afflicted with scolding as we do females? For this plain reason;—scolding, as proved above, is the effect of a certain noxious matter pent up. Now this matter engenders in men, as well as in women; but the latter have not the frequent opportunities for discharging it, which the men enjoy. Women are, by fashion and certain refined modes of life, restrained from all those public companies, clubs, assemblies, coffee-houses, &c. &c. where the men have a continual opportunity of discharging the cause of the disorder, without its ever accumulating in so great a quantity as to produce the symptoms I have enumerated. This, and this only, is the cause why the disease appears most often in the female sex. I would propose, therefore, if I were a legislator, or if I had influence enough to set a fashion, that the ladies should, in all respects, imitate the societies of the men; that they should have their clubs, their coffee-houses, disputing societies, and even their parliament. In such places, they would be able to take that species of exercise that tends to keep down the disorder, which at present accumulates in confinement, and, when nature attempts a discharge, the explosion is attended with all the violence and irregularities I have enumerated.

Thus much I have ventured to advance respecting scolding, and I hope that I shall succeed in abating the unreasonable prejudices which have been fostered by an affected superiority in our sex, joined to a portion of ignorance, which, to say the least, renders that superiority a matter of great doubt. I have only to add, that my motives for all this have been perfectly disinterested, and that I shall be very happy to give advice to any person laboring under the disorder. Letters (post paid) may be addressed to

PLEASANT.—To have a typographical error escape the proof reader's eye, and travel off to be brought down by some sharp shooting contemporary, and returned to you per mail, like a pheasant by the British Penny Post. Isn't it, Dr.?

From the Irish Penny Journal.

A SHORT CHAPTER ON BUSTLES.

BUSTLES!—what are bustles? Ay, reader, fair reader, you may well ask that question. But some of your sex at least know the meaning of the word, and the use of the article it designates, sufficiently well, though, thank heaven! there are many thousands of my countrywomen who are as yet ignorant of both, and indeed to whom such knowledge would be quite useless. Would that I were in equally innocent ignorance! Not, reader, that I am of the feminine gender, and use the article in question; but my knowledge of its mysterious uses, and the various materials of which it is composed, has been the ruin of me. I will have inscribed on my tomb, "Here lies a man who was killed by a bustle!"

But before I detail the circumstances of my unhappy fate, it will perhaps be proper to give a description of the article itself, which has been the cause of my undoing. Well, then, a bustle is

But the editor will perhaps object to this description as being too distinct and graphic.

A bustle is an article used by ladies to take from their form the character of the Venuses of the Creeks, and impart to it that of the Venus of the Hottentots!

That ladies should have a taste so singular, may appear incredible; but there is no accounting for tastes.

I made the discovery a few years since, and up to that time I had always borne the character of a sage, sedate, and promising young man—one likely to get on in the world by my exertions, and therefore sure to be helped by my friends. I was even, I flatter myself, a favorite with the fair sex too; and justly so, for I was their most ardent admirer; and there was one most lovely creature among them whom I had fondly hoped to have made my own. But, alas! how vain and visionary are our hopes of human happiness; such hopes with me have fled for ever! As I said before, I am a ruined man, all in consequence of ladies' bustles!

In an unlucky hour I was in a ball-room, seated at a little distance from my fair one—my eyes watching her every air and look, my ears catching every sound of her sweet voice—when I heard her complain to a female friend, in tones of the softest whispering music, that she was oppressed with the heat of the place. "My dear," her friend replied, "it must be the effect of your bustle. What do you stuff it with?" "Hair—horse-hair," was the reply. "Hair!—mercy on us!" says her friend, "it is no wonder you are oppressed—that's a *hot-and-hot* material truly. Why, you should do as I do—you do not see me fainting; and the reason is, that I stuff my bustle with hay—new hay!"

I heard no more, for the ladies, supposing from my eyes that I was a listener, changed the topic of conversation, though indeed it was not necessary, for at the time I had not the slightest notion of what they meant. Time, however, passed on most favorably to my wishes—another month, and I should have called my Catherine my own. She was on a visit to my sister, and I had every opportunity to make myself agreeable. We sang together, we talked together, and we danced together. All this would have been very well, but unfortunately we also walked together. It was on the last time we ever did so that the circumstance occurred which I have now to relate, and which gave the first death-blow to my hopes of happiness. We were crossing Carlisle-bridge, her dear arm linked in mine, when we chanced to meet a female friend; and wishing to have a little chat with her without incommoding the passengers, we got to the edge of the flag-way, near which at the time there was standing an old white horse, totally blind. He was a quiet-looking animal, and none of us could have supposed from his physiognomy that he had any savage propensity in his nature. But imagine my astonishment and horror when I suddenly heard my charmer give a scream that pierced me to the very heart!—and when I perceived that this atrocious old blind brute, having slowly and slyly swayed his head round, caught the—how shall I describe it?—caught my Caroline—really I can't say how—but he caught her; and before I could extricate her from his jaws, he made a reef in her garments such as lady never suffered. Silk gown, petticoat, bustle—everything, in fact, gave way, and left an opening—a chasm—an exposure, that may perhaps be imagined, but cannot be described.

As rapidly as I could, of course, I got my fair one into a jarvy, and hurried home, the truth gradually opening in my mind as to the cause of the disaster—it was, that the blind horse, hungry brute, had been attracted by the smell of my Catherine's bustle, made of hay—new hay!

Catherine was never the same to me afterwards—she took the most invincible dislike to walk with me, or rather, perhaps, to be seen in the streets with me. But matters were not yet come to the worst, and I had indulged in hopes that she would yet be mine. I had however taken a deep aversion to bustles, and even determined to wage war upon them to the best of my ability. In this spirit, a few days after, I determined to wreak my vengeance on my sister's bustle, for I found by this time that she too was emulous of being a Hottentot beauty. Accordingly, having to accompany her and my intended wife to a ball, I stole into my sister's room in the course of the evening before she went into it to dress, and pouncing upon her hated bustle, which lay on her toilet table, I inflicted a cut on it with my penknife, and retired. But what a mistake did I make! Alas, it was not my sister's bustle, but my Catherine's! However, we went to the ball, and for a time all went smoothly on. I took out my Catherine as a partner in the dance; but imagine my horror when I perceived her gradually becoming thinner and thinner—losing her *enbonpoint*—as she danced; and, worse than that, that every movement which she described in the figure—the ladies' chain, the chassee—was accurately marked—recorded—on the chalked floor with—bran! Oh dear! reader, pity me: was ever man so unfortunate? This sealed my doom. She would never speak to me, or even look at me afterwards.

But this was not all. My character with the sex—ay, with both sexes—was also destroyed. I who had been heretofore, as I said, considered as an example of prudence and discretion for a young man, was now set down as a thoughtless, devil-may-care wag, never to do well: the men treated me coldly, and the women turned their backs upon me; and so thus in reality they made me what they had supposed I was. It was indeed no wonder, for I could never after see a lady with a bustle but I felt an irresistible inclination to laughter, and this too even on occasions when I should have kept a grave countenance. If I met a couple of country or other friends in the street, and inquired after their family—the cause, perhaps, of the mourning in which they were attired—while they were telling me of the death of some father, sister, or other relative, I to their astonishment would take to laughing, and if there was a horse near us, give the lady a drag away to another situation. And if then I were asked the meaning of this ill-timed mirth, and this singular movement, what could I say? Why, sometimes I made the matter worse by replying, "Dear madam, it is only to save your bustle from the horse!"

Stung at length by my misfortunes and the hopelessness of my situation, I became utterly reckless, and only thought of carrying out my revenge on the bustles in every way in my power; and this I must say with some pride I did for a while with good effect. I got a number of the hated articles manufactured for myself, but not, reader, to wear, as you shall hear. Oh! no; but whenever I received an invitation to a party—which indeed had latterly been seldom sent me—I took one of these articles in my pocket, and, watching a favorable opportunity when all were engaged in the mazy figure of the dance, let it secretly fall amongst them. The result may be imagined—ay, reader, imagine it, for I cannot describe it with effect. First, the half-suppressed but simultaneous scream of all the ladies as it was held up for a claimant; next, the equally simultaneous movement of the ladies' hands, all quickly disengaged from those of their partners, and not raised up in wonder, but carried down to their—bustles! Never was movement in the dance executed with such precision; and I should be immortalized as the inventor of an attitude so expressive of sentiment and of feeling.

Alas! this is the only consolation now afforded me in my afflictions: I invented a new attitude—a new movement in the quadrille: let others see that it be not forgotten. I am now a banished man from all refined society: no lady will appear, where that odious Mr. Bustle, as they call me, might possibly be; and so no one will admit me inside their doors. I have nothing left me, therefore, but to live out my solitary life, and vent my execrations on bustles.

MY SILVIA WEARS A ROSY WREATH.

A CATCH.

My Silvia wears a rosy wreath, | A wig is by her mother worn, | Ann paints, and sings, and in her style
By me for her entwined; | By barber's skill design'd,— | Displays a graceful mind.

COMPOSED BY JOHN PARRY, OF LONDON.

1
My Sil - via wears, My Sil via wears, My Sil - via wears a ro - sy wreath, By me for her en - twined;

2
A wig, A wig, A wig is by her mother worn, By bar - ber's skill de - sign'd;

3
Ann paints, and sings, and in her style Displays a graceful mind.

ACCOMP.
PIANO-FORTE. *p*

Cres.

One Singer performs the upper Staff throughout, then takes the second, and afterwards the third; the other voices follow in the same order, accelerating the time a little at each repetition.

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